

# IBRAHIM <sup>2</sup>

## THE Illustrious BASSA. A TRAGEDY.

Acted at the DUKE'S Theatre.

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Written by *Elkanah Settle*, Servant to His  
MAJESTY.

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———Te  
*Nos facimus Fortuna Deam—Juven.*

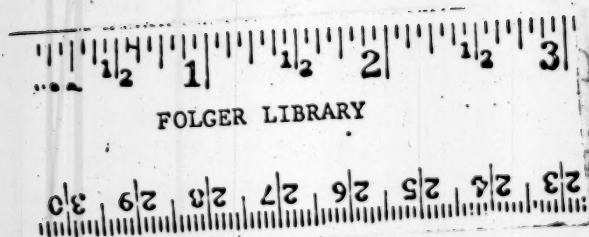
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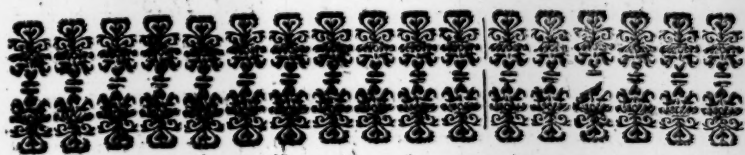
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LONDON,

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Lower Walk of the New-Exchange in the Strand, 1677.







TO THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
ALBEMARLE.

Madam,



*When I consider what favourable Reception my first humble Supplications in this kind have had from your Graces hand, I cannot think my Duty fully paid, nor my Adoration sufficiently express'd, till I Dedicate my whole Life and Labours to your Grace. 'Tis not one act of Devotion that can make a Zealot; and therefore as I made a Present then, I pay you*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

a Tribute now. And though this Poem has but little Merit of its own, yet encouraged by the Honours it has received, like Pages to Princes, it owes its Boldness to its Education; and since your Grace gave it leave to be a troublesome Guest at New-Hall, it lik'd the Entertainment so well, that it resolves to Live and Dye there; and 'tis an Ambition in some respect to be justified; for Poetry should always make up part of the Trains of Princes, especially theirs whose Excellencies are so Divine a subject for it. Under that shelter I approach your Grace, when I must own I have play'd the Plagiary in making the Dutches of Albemarle the Pattern for my Roxolana; only with this difference, that I have copyed below the Life. Your Grace has all her Vertue, without the alloy of her Vanity; and this advantage above her, that Your Grace possesses those Charms which Story never attributed to Roxolana; Her Beauty could subdue, but not secure her Solyman. But your Graces Victories are more compleat; For if our English Chronicle

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

nicle (Spight of the fashionable liberty of  
a Licentious Age) would Character the per-  
fect happiness of a Princely Pair, it must  
describe the Influence of the Dutches of  
Albemarle over the unalterable Affections  
of her Lord : And as in Duty to such  
eminent Virtues, & such infinite Perfections,  
even the most ill-natur'd Age unanimously  
speaks of your Grace with Veneration;  
and to secure that Fame your Virtues have  
so justly acquired, your Grace is as Cauti-  
ous in the Preservation of it : But so im-  
pregnable are your Sacred Principles of  
Honour, that your Graces Care in that,  
is but like His, who raises Bulwarks to  
defend that Town, which of it self before  
was inaccessible ; nor can I more reasonably  
impute the Duke of Albemarles, and your  
Graces more frequent Residence at New-  
Hall, to any other than a true English Noble-  
ness ; as knowing that your Greatness can  
better fill a Court than make a part of one.  
I could be very prolix on so excellent a  
Theam, for 'tis easie to Write where all  
Man-kind Dictates ; and I must confess 'tis  
the

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*the biggest Bliss of an Authour, to have those Patrons whose Merits are above Flattery, where the Titles of Great and Good may be given without a Blush. This made Horace speak so largely in the Commendations of his Mæcenæ, and Juvenal say so little in the praise of Trajan: For my part I account it my chief Happiness to have been a Witness of your Graces Greatness, and my highest Contemplation to be an Admirer of it. The humblest of which Admirers, is*

Madam,

Your Graces most Obliged,

Most Devoted, and

Most Humble Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

## PROLOGUE.

**A**ppause is grown a strange Coy Mrs. now;  
 Court'd by All, and yet obtain'd by few.  
 'Tis true, when any Favourite Plays appear,  
 Then Kindness and Good-nature brings you here:  
 And to secure the Censures of the Town,  
 The Pit is fill'd with Friends in the Fore-noon;  
 And those five long expecting hours you stay,  
 Are spent in making Proselytes to th' Play.  
 Such Favour is not common; nor are Wit  
 And Sense the only means of gaining it.  
 That happy Man, the Author, you commend,  
 Must be at once a Poet and a Friend:  
 Honour'd by the acquaintance of the Great;  
 His Conversation Eminent, as his Wit.  
 And as th' effect of your kind Influence,  
 We've seen such refin'd Fancy, so much sense,  
 Such Plays as do deserve so much Applause,  
 They need no Favour to support their Cause.  
 But since our Author wants that Interest,  
 And those perfections which delight you best;  
 And none of those kind leading Votes can boast,  
 Let not his Play for his hard Fate be lost.  
 What if our Author be not one of You;  
 Wit should like Coyne pass currant from a Jew:  
 And should not its Esteem like Medals hold,  
 Where th' Image more than weight gives price to th' Gold.  
 Gallants, let Wit the Fate of Beauty find;  
 Be to it, where soe're you meet it, kind:  
 I'm sure Variety best pleases there.  
 The Mrs. you maintain Gay, Brisk, and Fair,  
 Does not so much your stock of Kindness reap;  
 But you can spend some hours on Fops more cheap.  
 And so  
 On humble Writers let some favours fall;  
 Let not the Dons of Wit engross you all.

Actors



# Actors Names.

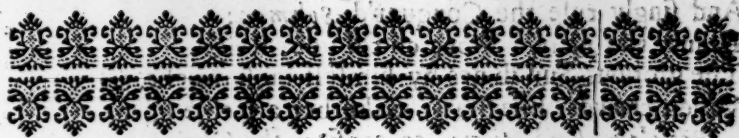
**S**olyman *the Magnificent*, Mr. Batterton  
Ibrahim, *the Vizier Bassa*, Mr. Smith.  
Ulama, *the Sophies Son* } Mr. Harris.  
*and Heir of Persia*, }  
Morat *a Bassa*, Mr. Medbourn.  
Muphti, Mr. Gillo.

## Women.

Roxolana, Mrs. Mary Lee.  
Asteria, Solymans *Daughter*, } Mrs. Corar.  
*and Roxolana's Favourite*, }  
Isabella, *a Christian Princess*, Mrs. Batterton  
Mirva, Mrs. Hughes.  
Bassaes, Mutes, Janizaries, *and other Attend.*

## The SCENE

# Solymans Seralio.



# IBRAHIM,

The ILLUSTRIOUS

B A S S A.

---

ACT the FIRST.

The SCENE, the *Seraglio*.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Mirva*, Guards, and Ladies.

*Mirva.* **T**HE Turkish pow'r was absolute till now:  
All knees, all hearts did to the Sultan bow.  
Nay Beauty, too by Heav'n and Nature  
(made,

To Conquer Kings, in the tame crowd obey'd;  
The world was searcht, and busie Nations strove  
To find out Martyrs for a Tyrants Love.

2. *Lady.* Even Daughters by their Parents were betray'd,  
Who their fair race a willing Victim made;  
In a Seraglio, they Cloyster'd slept,  
For servile Love in shining Fetters kept:  
Till *Roxolana* the long Bondage broke;  
And by her Influence shook off the yoke.

HA

B

*Mirva.*



*Mirva.* Yes, Royal Madam, 'twas your Eyes alone,  
That could confine his wandering heart to one;  
And singly rule the Conquer'd *Solyman*:  
Beauty was ne're a Monarch till your Reign.  
The glorious Sun shines by himself most bright,  
When crowds, like Stars, make but a feeble light.

*Roxolan.* And *Mirva*, to confirm the Chains I gave,  
By Sacred Rites I've bound my Royal Slave.  
It has been mine, and only my Renown,  
I have joyn'd a Nuptial Wreath t'a Turkish Crown.  
He saw me, and he look'd his pow'r away;  
Nor can years raize the Structures of that day:  
The Siege I laid, an Age cannot remove;  
His Constancy's as great as is His Love.  
Men call me Proud; yes, so might Heav'n be too;  
If its Adorers were but half as true.  
Homage to that, inconstant Mortals pay;  
And Heav'n meets with Apostates ev'ry day.  
Brighter their Temples and their pow'r would shine,  
Did God's maintain their Altars, as I mine.

*Enter Asteria attended.*

*Aster.* I come to lay new Honours at your Feet;  
In your returning Lord a Conqu'rouer meet.  
The *Sultan* does from Vanquish'd *Persia* come,  
From being fear'd abroad, to be ador'd at home.  
By what the Arms of *Solyman* have won,  
The Turkish Moon Eclips'd the Persian Sun.

*Roxol.* Your Father, dear *Asteria*, has in you,  
A pious Herauld found, and just one too.  
But whilst the *Sultans* Conquests you express,  
Is not Love shrowded in this Martial dress?  
Amidst the lowder Vows you pay to him,  
Does not the Great and Faithful *Ibrahim*,  
(To whose success the *Sultans* glory's due)  
Extort some silent Veneration too?

*Aster.* I cannot but with blushes own his pow'r.  
*Ibrahim* is every where a Conquerour.

*Roxol.* Nay! Blush no more! His Victories remove  
That Barr, which has so long conceal'd your Love:

ALL

Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa:

3

All that he is, all he has don's your due,  
Life, and the Sultan's smiles he gain'd by you.  
At once a Condemn'd Criminal and a Slave,  
You Rescu'd him from Fetters and a Grave.  
He, and his Conquests your Creations are.  
To you he owes them, and shall pay 'em here.

*After.* Grant this, and Heav'n, He make no other pray'r.  
If the kind Destinies this with fulfil,  
Let all their other works of Fate stand still.

*Roxol.* By my Commands, you have conceal'd your flame,  
Till his Illustrious Deeds had rais'd his Fame,  
Above all Conquerours this Age can shew;  
The only worth that should aspire to you.  
Till then I bid you your low passion hide:  
And see how Heav'n rewards your noble Pride.  
In this high State, He may your Kindness know;  
You've made him God-like e're you treat him so.  
Love like Religion in a mighty mind,  
Should build those Temples which it does not find.

*After.* My Breast thus long has my Loves Jailour been,  
And kept by force the struggling Prisoner in.  
But oh! how much is my freed soul at peace,  
When you pronounce the tirefome Slaves Release.

*Enter* Solyman, Ibrahim, Ulama, Dorea, Bassas,  
and Janizaries.

*Solym.* Be this days Pomp your care, in th'  
(Aga's room, } to Dorea.

Fix you my Standard in the Hippodrome:  
And as my Agent pay that debt I owe;  
My Gratitude in *Ibrahim's* glory show.  
Do it with such Magnificence and State,  
As fits the Triumph which we celebrate.

*Here Solyman approaches and discovers Roxolana.*

*Roxol.* Welcome the Worlds great Conqueror & mine;  
Enough before did your bright Luster shine.  
You needed not new Victories, new Charms,  
To welcome you to *Roxolana's* Arms.

*Solym.* Yes; I need all my glories, when you're near,  
I bring my Trophies as a Tribute here.

Great, though I am, your pow'r is greater yet;  
 The World to me, I, to your Eyes submit;  
 Betwixt Loves pow'r and Majesty's this odds;  
 The Vows men pay to Saints, Saints pay their Gods.

*Ibrah.* Yes, *Dorea*, goe; raise this Triumphant Seat.  
 [to *Dorea*.

Let th'Entertainment be both rich and great;  
 Let it have all that Majesty may dress,  
 In spoiles of War or Ornaments of Peace.  
 But then consider where that Honour's due;  
 To him alone, you must with Homage bow:  
 Obey him as my Sovereign, not my Friend.

*Ulam.* Oh *Ulama*, thy heart, thy heart defend.

[Gazing on *Roxolana*.

*Roxol.* Great and Victorious you must ever prove,  
 Be but your Stars thus constant as your Love.

*Solym.* Their influence is secure; I cannot fear  
 Success nor Conquest whilst this Arm makes War.

[presents Ibrahim to her.

For when my *Ibrahim* did to *Persia* go,  
 Against the *Sophy*, my most pow'rful Foe;  
 So small his Forces were, so few his Arms,  
 That they seem'd only fit to give Alarms,  
 Not overthrows; sent but to rowze my game;  
 But as the Light'ning till my Thunder came.  
 Yet when my greater force ith'Field I drew,  
 Expecting danger and a stubborn Foe;  
 Expecting by long Sweat and Toyl t'have gone,  
 Through Blood and Ruin to the *Persian* Throne,  
 His wondrous Arm such Miracles had done,  
 I came but to behold the Fields he won.

*Ibrah.* The Sultans pleasure is, that shining things,  
 Should only be the Favourites of Kings.

[To *Roxolana*.

And shews his God-like Bounty when he takes  
 Delight t'adorn the Creatures which he makes. (been,

*Solym.* Though Crowns and Empires have his Triumphs  
 There was one Trophy left for me to win,

[To *Roxolana*.

This

This Prince's heart, the bravest and the best,  
Of all my Persian Foes, is *Solyman's* Guest,  
Represents *Ulama* to her.

I have, to shew what to your Beauty's due,  
Brought the great *Sophies* Son to wait on you.

*Ulama*. Your generous Lord such favours does confer  
On *Ulama* his *Ibrahim's* Prisoner,  
That from my Chains, without a Ransom paid,  
Not only freed, but *Solyman's* Creature made,  
My overthrow I must Heav'n's blessings call,  
Who owe this Resurrection to my fall.

*Roxola*. His favours *Solyman* does not idly place,  
No doubt he found you merited that Grace.

*Ulama*. So eminent your *Sultans* Vertues are,  
I wonder not at his success in War.

The Fates in Duty to such worth are kind:

Justly th'obsequious Destinies design'd

No other force should *Solyman* subdue;

As being the only Conquest fit for you.

Was't not enough I was subdu'd at home?

Have I a new Captivity to come?

On envy'd *Solyman*! Oh infinite charms!

My Eyes are more ambitious than thy Armes!

*Solym*. But my dear *Ibrahim*, now is the time,

I must accuse a Conquerour of a Crime:

You wear a look unfit for Victory:

In all the glories you have heap'd on Me,

In Deeds that ought to make the Actor proud,

On your dark Brow you wear a sullen Cloud.

*Roxol*. I have observ'd him with the same surprize,

And markt a killing sorrow in his Eyes.

*Solym*. In this dejected look

There's something more then modesty: Your Friend

And King must know from whence those Clouds descend?

Do you repine at the loud Fame you get?

Or is't unwillingly you make me great?

*Ibrahim*. Unwillingly! Forbear that killing sound;

Give not a Loyal heart so deep a wound.

Unwillingly! not Misers meet their Wealth,

Lovers success, despairing Sinners Health,



Or Martyrs Heav'n, with half the joy, that I  
Can in your Cause, subdue, obey, or dye.

*After.* My life shall pay for one ill thought in Him,  
I'll answer for the Loyal *Ibrahim*.

*Solym.* But, my best *Ibrahim*, your griefs declare;  
Can you have Sorrows, which I must not share?  
Your troubles may be just, and by my fault;  
Perhaps I have not us'd you as I ought:  
Perhaps your merits are not fully paid;  
The Crowns that *Ibrahim* won, are not on *Ibrahim's* head:  
But though my tardy hand has guilty been;  
'Tis not too late to expiate that sin.  
Crowns thou shalt have-----

*Ibrah.* Oh Royal Sir, no more;  
Bounty was never Cruelty before.  
So great, so large a present as a Crown,  
Is fit for *Solyman* to give alone:  
'Tis great, but 'tis not kind; when you can think,  
My soul t'a mercenary thought can sink.  
My thoughts from a more just Ambition spring,  
'Tis all my Pride, Unbrib'd to serve my King.

*Solym.* Then tell me-----

*Ibrah.* Oh the secret must not out----- [*Aside.*

*Roxel.* If not his kindness, then his pow'r you doubt:  
Can there be any thing disturbs your rest,  
As cannot be by *Solyman* redrest?  
Think you his power's so little?-----

*Ibrah.* No, so great----  
When yours joyns too, to make that pow'r compleat,  
'Tis infinite, like that bright boundless space,  
Where light and Saints their endless glories place:  
Within it all things, and beyond it nothing.

*Solym.* Say then, from whence does all this darkness come?  
Have I done injury to Christendom?  
Have any of my foreign pow'rs by steel,  
Or Rapine, wrong'd those Altars where you kneel?

*Ibrah.* Love pardon dutys sin, when I reveal } *Aside.*  
My lesser sorrows, but the great conceal!  
Sir, when I bring

The Lowness whence you drew me to my thought;  
 The change which your Almighty hand has wrought:  
 Though he that rais'd it can support my state;  
 With trembling I behold my dang'rous height.  
 Malice and Envy will my life pursue,  
 And strive to make me hated be by you.  
 How many of my Predecessors fell?  
 Nor could their Services their Dooms repel.  
 The faithful Vizier *Achmat*,  
 Rais'd *Bajazet* the Second to his Throne;  
 And little less had Valiant *Chassan* done  
 For your great Father: Yet in all their pride,  
 Both by their jealous Lords suspected dy'd.  
 The fear of death my trouble does not make;  
 My Life and Honours you may freely take.  
 But when I think the fatal time may be  
 When you will but suspect my Loyalty;  
 'Tis that strikes horror through my staggering sense:  
 No Torture like mistaken Innocence.

*Solym.* I thought to you I had made my breast so clear;  
 That you had nothing left to wish or fear.  
 But since my kind conjectures are not sure,  
 At once your weakness I'll forgive and cure:  
 I swear by *Alla* (and to bind my Vow,  
 Heaven make me happy as I'm just to you)  
 Whilst *Solyman* Lives, his *Ibrahim* shall not dye  
 By any violent death.

*Ibrahim.* Your favours are so high---

*Solym.* Forbear your thanks, 'tis only what I owe;  
 Men thanks for Gifts, and not for Debts bestow.

*Roxel.* No Sir, your constancy he cannot doubt;  
 He knows his Prince too well for such a thought.  
 Why this disguise?—

*Solym.* I'll take this surer way;  
 Though Friendship have no influence, Love may.  
 Here be your looks as Conqu'ring as your Sword;  
 I call you Friend, and she shall call you Lord.

[Gives him Asteria.]

*Aster.* That word my ravish'd sense does overcome:  
 I feel my joys too mighty to be dumb.

{ *Aside.*

*Solym.*

*Solym.* Be to my blood, as to my soul ally'd:  
Now have you thoughts, you from your King can hide?  
Have I not bought 'em yet?

*Ibrah.* What shall I say?

[*Aside.*

*After.* My Bliss was never perfect till this day. [*Aside.*

*Rox.* This Lady, whom in Chains you could subdue,  
Admir'd by all, deserv'd by none but you;  
Enrich'd with *Solymán's* favours, and above  
All other Ornaments; her greater Love,  
Meets you with all the kindness souls e're shar'd;  
Your Glories prize, your Loyalties reward.

*After.* Do not too high her little Merit raise,  
Who blushes but too much without this praise;  
Yet Sir-----

By your commands I should all shame remove:  
I need not blush when Duty bids me Love.  
But mighty Sir, if the o're-hasty guest,  
By a too early Raign, this Seat posselt;  
Let th'easie prize not make the value less;  
Nor Love its merit loose for its excess.

[*To Ibrahim.*

A Love which could not be by force expell'd;  
And now wants pow'r to keep its joyes conceal'd.

*Solym.* To make her yet more worthy----

*Ibrah.* Great Sir, hold-----

Let me alone this Beauties worth unfold:  
'Tis I can best describe such excellence.

*After.* I feel new raptures in my soft'n'd sence; [*Aside.*

*Ibrah.* Some Heroe whom Imperial Crowns adorn,  
To greatness rais'd, and as much greatness born.

Some Prince that has so much Man-kind out-done,  
As should make *Solymán's* equal in his Son:

'Tis such a one should meet *Asteria's* charms;  
But I the most unworthy of her Armes.

*Roxol.* Where will this end? [*Aside.*

*After.* Some God that pitty's Love, divert my fear. [*Aside.*

*Ibrah.* So little pow'r of Gratitude dwells here!

[*points to his Breast.*

That I am beneath your scorn, so wretched I,  
To reconcile my Fate, beg leave to dye.

Yes,



*Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.*

Yes, take my heart ; but when 'tis yours, it must  
Be offer'd up in blood, to make it just.  
To give me back my Chains, would be too kind ;  
Let me in Death, Yours, and his Justice find.

*Solym.* Has *Ibrahim* crimes make him deserve to dye ?

*Ibrah.* I Criminal ! Oh none so much as I.

I am below the state of Infidels :

I view that face where Sovereign Beauty dwells :  
Beauty, which homage, next to Gods, receives ;  
And commands hearts, more than the Sultan, Lives.

Yet, I to neither can Allegiance pay,  
Love my Preserver, or my Prince obey.  
Fair Mistress of my Life and Liberty ;  
The founder of my Fame, all I enjoy,  
Th'ungrateful Creature of your smiles destroy.

*Roxel.* Are *Solyman's* favours and his blood abus'd ?  
And so much Love thus barbarously us'd ?

*Solym.* *Ibrahim* ! I am unwilling to believe,  
Such Disrespect I can from Man receive ;  
Much less from Favourites ; say then, what is  
That Pow'r has destin'd me to suffer this ?

*Aster.* Ask not the reason of his disrespect,  
Let her describe the Cause, who feels th'effect.

My sighs with scorn too fatally are paid :  
My Love's despis'd for some more happy Maid.

Look, Sir, on this sad object, and in me  
The sudden change of fading Greatness see.  
When I came hither, (oh my short-liv'd Bliss ! )

[to *Ibrah.*

I'd not have chang'd my hopes of happiness,  
To have been Empress of the World : but now  
Not the most wretched of my Sex so low.

Nor am I in my slighted Love alone  
Unfortunate, but guilty too ! I've done  
What neither to my Sex nor Birth was due,  
Transgress the Laws of modesty, for you.

So weak my heart, so great my sufferings are ;  
I cannot hide my Love, nor my Despair.

[offers to go.

*Roxel.* What do I live to hear ! *Asteria*, stay-----

*Aster.* No ! let me take my hated sight away :

This freedom to the lost *Asteria* give;  
In Crowds the Prosperous, not the Wretched live:

[*Exit Asteria.*]

*Roxel.* Who is that pow'rful Rival, for whose sake,  
Your stubborn heart her Beauty cannot shake.  
For whom *Asteria's* favours, and her blood,  
Are priz'd as little as they're understood:  
Yet name her not; already I have heard  
Too much; if *Solyman* you lov'd or fear'd,  
You would not treat him thus. You've wrong'd him more  
Then all your Victories oblig'd before. [*Exit.*]

*Solym.* Go triumph in her suff'rings and my shame,  
And add this one proud Title to your Fame;  
You from an injur'd King this Grace receiv'd;  
You are the first disturb'd my peace, and liv'd.

[*Exit with his Train, all but Ibrahim.*]

*Ibrahim.* Ruin'd at once so sure! Fate has made haste.  
Who could believe that so few hours are past,  
Since this undone, lost, despicable thing  
Was fear'd by all the World, and favour'd by his King.  
But now her Love refus'd, his blood disgrac'd;  
How are those Titles at one blast defac'd!  
Oh Love! Oh *Isabella*! When thy Ear  
Shall the dire sound of my misfortunes hear,  
Give me at once thy pitty and applause:  
And whilst my Ruin has so dear a Cause,  
Dying for thee; Fame to my praise shall tell,  
That *Ibrahim* liv'd less Nobly, than He fell.

[*Exit Ibrahim.*]

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

The SCENE, the Seraglio.

*Enter Ibrahim, and Ulama,*

*Ibrab.* **H** As my refusal made no change at all ?  
Does she not yet her wandering sence recalle  
Tell me, she hates, she does---she must :  
(how can

Such goodness love so barbarous a Man ?

*Ulam.* Your Tyranny shakes not your Empire there ;

The lost *Asteria* Loves you in despair :

With all her art and pow'r she strives t'assuage

The violence of her angry Fathers rage.

For your protection humbly on her knees,

The Eloquence of Tears and Pray'rs she tries :

And all for him, by whose disdain she Dies. }

Not bleeding Saints for Martyrdom design'd,

Are to their Executioners more kind.

*Ibrab.* Unhappy Maid, and more unhappy I,

The Author of such killing Cruelty :

Who see that Innocence such pains endure,

And make those wounds which I must never cure.

*Ulama.* But whilst so long you *Solyman's* heart possesse,

Why was your Love a Stranger to his breast ?

The knowledge of a former Mrs. claim,

Might have suppress'd *Asteria's* growing flame ;

And so great pow'r as his might have prevail'd,

T'obtain that suit where your own interest fail'd.

*Ibrab.* Even *Solyman's* pow'r had been a weak defence ;

For know, she's Daughter to a Christian Prince :

Who by th'inveterate hate which long before

Our Warring Families for Ages bore ;

Has with such furious rage, my Love persu'd,

As suffering *Genova* has felt in blood :

By the ill chance of War, 'twas our hard doom,

In three set Battails, to be overcome :

My Family destroy'd, my hopes undone,  
 The Field by her Insulting Father won;  
 I strait took Ship, and for new aids did flye  
 To our Allies, the States of *Sicily*.  
 And taken Prisoner by the *Algereens*,  
 I to that Voyage owed my Turkish chains.

*Ulam*. Your Births being equal, 'twas unjustly done;  
 He did not then embrace you for his Son;  
 When th' happy tie had made your Families cease  
 Their hate, and reconcil'd a Nations peace.

*Ibrab*. 'Tis true, he might have been so just, but know,  
 Hate thinks none equals, much less makes 'em so,  
 So fierce his rage, so great was his disdain,  
 I durst not tell my Love to *Solyman*:  
 Least my just King concern'd at my ill Fate,  
 In kindness might have prov'd my Advocate.

*Ulam*. What danger could that cause?

*Ibrab*. I fear'd that He  
 Might for my sake have been deny'd like me.  
 Too well I knew that would provoke his rage,  
 And in revenge my angry King engage.  
 But false to th' Christians cause I ne'r could prove,  
 Nor take such Vengeance, though for injur'd Love.  
 Far be't from me to shake her Fathers Throne,  
 Or touch his Life, whence she derives her own.  
 More I could bear, and greater wrongs o'recome,  
 To be the Champion-Friend of Christendom.

*Ulam*. With this just Love, to *Solyman* I'll go,  
 And try what Reason, joyn'd with Pray'rs can do.

[*Ex. Ulama*.]

*Enter Dorea*.

*Dor*. Great Sir, a *Bassa*, newly come on shore,  
 In *Rustans* name admittance does implore;  
 By a command from him he humbly craves  
 Your kind acceptance of some Christian Slaves.

*Ibrab*. From *Rustan*! Go admit him. [*Exit Dorea*.]  
 I've been by long and fawning Courtship prest,  
 To reconcile him to the *Sultans* Breast.  
 But were his flattering hopes on Reason built,  
 Were it in *Ibrahim's* soul to side with guilt;

Did

Did he but now behold my wretched state,  
He'd find me there but a weak Advocate.

*Enter Isabella, introduc'd by a Bassa, attended by Ladies.*

My *Isabella* ! What bless'd Vision's this ?  
Am I awake, or do I dream of Bliss ?  
Thus let me seal assurance to my sence, [kisses her hand.  
And free my lab'ring thoughts from their suspence.  
This ravishing sight drives all my Clouds away ;  
From my long Night, breaks out eternal Day.  
How, Madam, after three long mourning years,  
Which I have languisht out in sighs and tears,  
Have you escap'd your angry Fathers eye,  
To bless this place with your Divinity ?  
How have you past the Mountains, Rocks, and Sea,  
Which so long parted my fair World and me ?

*Isabel.* My Fate is in such mysteries involv'd,  
The riddle is not easily resolv'd :  
Stolne from my Court, forc'd almost from the Tomb  
Of my dead Father---

*Ibrah.* Her Father dead !

*Isabel.* And after that become  
A prey to one unknown, rob'd of my peace,  
Freedom, and pow'r, expos'd to Winds and Seas ;  
And what more dreadful is than all those pains,  
The hazard of my Honour in my Chains :  
Through these rough paths I have been guided here ; }  
But now I think my Sanctuary near, }  
My *Ibrahims* presence does dispel my fear. ;

*Bassa.* Those actions her mistaken Innocence,  
Has render'd such a Capital offence ;  
Kind *Russian*, Sir, did boldly for your sake,  
And for your preservation undertake.

*Ibrah.* For mine !

*Isabel.* For his ! Oh let me hear no more.  
If all this rudeness was on *Ibrahim's* score ;  
And by your order I th' Abuse receive,  
I've heard much more than I can e're forgive.

*Ibrah.*



*Ibrah.* Can you believe me guilty but in thought  
Of that black Crime the impious *Rustan* wrought?  
Tho she's a Treasure I esteem Divine,  
By Sacriledge I would not make her mine.

*Bassa.* The Vizier may all these excuses spare,  
For in this Rape, he, Madam, had no share.  
This Plot was *Rustans* only, who by Spies  
Employ'd t'observe you in your Privacies, } to *Ibrah.*  
Found you a Captive were to those bright Eyes. }  
By some discourse 'twixt you and *Dorea* made,  
The secret of your Love was first betray'd.  
*Rustan* knew too, her Father was your Foe,  
And that you'd ne're consent to use him so:  
And fearing so much Love, Despair, and Grief,  
Might rob the World without some quick Relief;  
Unknown to you, he took this violent course,  
T'obtain what kindness could not win, by force;  
And hopes that act may not a Crime appear,  
Which saves your Life, and cures a Kingdoms fear.

*Isabel.* But since my Fate has brought me to this place,  
Where I once more behold my *Ibrahims* Face;  
And safe in Duty, and in Honour live,  
Tell him a Crime so kind I can forgive.

*Ibrah.* But say you saw your *Ibrahim* in Chains,  
Bound, during Life, to bear the worst of pains;  
Rish'd of all his Honours, Pomp, and Pow'rs,  
Could you in some dark Dungeon call him Yours?

*Isabel.* Why Sir this cruel question? Can distress  
And change of Fortune make my Passion less? }  
'Tis not true Love that ever can decrease.

But who dares load with Chains the Sultans Friend,  
Can human pow'r oppress what hee'l defend?

*Ibrah.* Alas that friendship which once shin'd on me,  
Is set for ever: Call't not Vanity;  
When I must say 'twas my ill Fate to prove  
The object of the fair *Sultana's* Love.  
And *Solyman* o're-acting Friendships part,  
Made me an offer of a Daughters heart.  
Which Grace refus'd, too plainly I fore-see,  
The dire effects of slighted Majesty.

*Isabel.*

*Isabel.* And will my *Ibrahim* bear all this for me?  
Will he for me provoke the Sultans frowns,  
And for my sake neglect Life, Pow'r, and Crowns?

*Ibrahim.* I could for you the worst of Fates sustain.  
Death were my Pride, and if 't had any pain,  
'Twould be to part so long to meet so late again. }

*Isabel.* Kings are unlike their sacred pattern, Heav'n;  
If their offenders cannot be forgiven.

Let him go on, his utmost rage fulfil:

And though he cannot frown, but he must kill;

Confirm this constancy and Fate condemn,

Suffer more boldly than He can condemn.

And as I doubt not, since the fault was mine,

But th' Author in th' Offenders doom shall joyn:

As your long Loves reward expect to see,

The Scene of Martyrdom fill'd up by me.

As in our Loves in Death together bound,

With greater pomp and state wee'l meet the wound, }

Then Victims that were led to Altars crown'd.

*Ibrahim.* But see the mighty *Solyman* draws nigh.

*Enter Solyman, Ulama, Morat. and Guards.*

See there the trembling Worlds Idolatry,

And such a Prince, whose merit is so high,

That he who steals from Heav'n to make a gift

Of homage there, may justify the theft.

*Solyman.* Do you not tremble when you see me here?

*Ibrahim.* No *Sultan*, I have reverence, but no fear.

*Solyman.* And does not shame your guilty Conscience touch?

*Ibrahim.* Though *Solyman* in Thunder should approach,

Still the same charming Majesty he wears;

But if so great and sacred he appears,

To those that meet his Frowns, and tread on Graves;

How God-like is He when he Smiles and Saves?

*Solyman.* *Ibrahim!* What Guardian Angel have you here?

My Furies vanish when such charms appear:

What Lady's that?

*Ibrahim.* One, for whose sake I can

Meet Death, and stand the Frowns of *Solyman*.

*Solyman*

Settle, r.



*Solym.* Thy Love is bold !  
But in her cause I can't admire thy Pride.  
What unknown Nation did that Beauty hide ?

*Ibrab.* Sir, to my torment she's been hid too long ;  
Too fierce her Jaylor, and her Jail too strong.  
Till Fate at last clos'd up her Dragons Eyes,  
And then by force brought the Illustrious Prize.  
Heav'n this fair Mourner sent t'attend my Grave,  
To see your bleeding Victim in her Slave.

*Solym.* No *Ibrahim* ; you could not dye before :  
For *Solyman*, your Lifes protection swore.  
And now you must not suffer if you cou'd :  
Such Beauty can appease my injur'd blood.  
Though you've wrong'd Friendship, Friendship must forgive :  
Who cannot dye for her, can less deserve to live.

Beauteous unknown---- [to *Isabel*.

If thy fair hand the Sacred Contract Seal'd,  
Which must not be by any Pow'r Repeal'd ;  
That Present from a Monarchs Hand accept,  
[gives *Ibrahim* to her.

Which has for thee by Destiny been kept.  
I should unjustly, in a Subject chide  
That Constancy, which is a Monarchs Pride.

*Ibrab.* By your surprizing goodness overcome,  
Thus let his Duty speak, whom wonder has struck dumb.

[Kneels.

*Solym.* Rise *Ibrahim* ; is Justice in a King  
So strange, and so astonishing a thing ?

*Isabel.* Is this the Dungeon ? These the Chains ? false fear,  
That could suspect such Cruelty reign'd there !  
Sure you mistook the Judge, or I the Doom, [to *Ibrab*.  
Who find such virtue out of Christendom.

*Solym.* Justice and Nature here shall end their strife :  
Rich in those Charms enjoy a happy Life.

*Ibrab.* So vast a gift by so much mercy given !  
If Monarchs in their actions copy Heav'n,  
Your glory in that List must be the chief :  
Never was copy yet so near the Life.

*Solym.* Tho Fate for this commanding Beauty's sake,  
Will not permit you should my blood partake,

I will not be by Destiny out-done:

I in a Friend will still possess a Son.

*Ibrab.* What means my King?

*Solym.* All kindness to that Name.

What ever envy'd Monarch does lay claim

To this fair Race; His glory I'll partake;

This Lady my Adopted Daughter make.

With all the Rites and Pomp due to my blood,

With all the Regal Ornaments endow'd,

That ever did or can attend my Race,

You shall in Her a Sultaneſs embrace.

*Isabel.* Forgive me, sleeping Father, when I must

Thy Honours steal, and rob thy Sacred Dust,

To pay new homage here. Great *Solyman*!

Such matchless Vertues in your Bosom reign;

As without sin, Religion can controul,

And swell th' Ambition of a Christians soul.

Let me thus low the mighty Title meet,

And fall before a Royal Fathers feet.

[Kneels.

*Solym.* Rise, and accept

Not on my Bounty, but your merits score

A Fathers Love.

Pray Heav'n I've given no more.

I have approach'd her killing excellence

Too nigh, and feel in my transported sence,

Something that says I'm by my Eyes undone:

And yet the Lawless wandering lights gaze on.

[Raises her up.

} *Aside.*

*Isabel.* Those numerous Trophies you've in Battle won,

Gain you less Fame than this one act has done.

Your Valour there but Nations overthrew;

Here *Solyman* does *Solyman* subdue.

*Solym.* At first I thought I gaz'd without a sin;

Friendship and Honour kept the Traytor in.

Now 'tis resistless; whilst such pains she takes

To praise my Conquests, she a greater makes.

} *Aside.*

*Isabel.* How faintly Fame does *Solyman* present

In those weak names; Great and Magnificent.

Those Attributes the Christian World does give,

And those from Fear and Envy you receive.

If who but hear your goodness give no less,  
What must she pay whom it vouchsafes to bless?

*Solym.* What must you pay?

O that strange word! might I prescribe the way,  
How those fair Eyes their Gratitude should pay;  
I Miser-like, shou'd for such payment sue,  
As would t'enrich my self the World undoe.  
But Shame and Friendship interpose between  
My wand'ring wishes, and that splendid Scene.  
Fair Creature-----

*Aside.*

*Isabel.* Generous Sir-----

*Solym.* No more!

Think I've oblig'd you less, or if I had done  
What might deserve applause, yet pay me none.  
For since her Eyes have done too much before,  
Why should her Wit advance the Conquerour?  
Since, I have the Mortal stroke already found,  
'Tis torturing of me to enlarge the wound.

*Aside.*

*Isabel.* Then what I must not, my whole Sex shall pay.  
For the strange wonders of our Nuptial day;  
Lovers shall in their Temples sing your praise,  
And add their Mirtle Chaplets to your Bayes.

*Solym.* Fair excellence, no more: Here *Ibrahim*, haste;  
[*Gives her to Ibrahim.*]

Be gone, and hold that Beautious Treasure fast.  
Be gone, whilst I have power to bid you goe.

*Ibrah.* We have receiv'd his Royal Grace too slow.  
His Daughters struggling wrongs resume their pow'rs:

[*To Isabel.*]

Let us retire whilst the blest minute's ours.

*Solym.* Quick, flye with your rich prize; lest you delay,  
Till that storm rise, will drown you if you stay.

[*Ex. Ibrahim and Isab.*]

And is she given into a Rivals hand?  
Seiz'd and possess'd, and all by my command?  
He from my bleeding heart tears that fair prey;  
And in that Rape forces my life away.

[*Ex. Attendants to Ibrahim and Isabella.*]

Stay Prince, to you, and to *Morat*, I dare  
The nearest secrets of my Soul declare.

I'm grown so alter'd, and deform'd a thing;  
In *Solyman* you'll scarce find out your King.  
An impious and devouring flame has rais'd  
All in me that was good, all that was great defac'd:  
That like the World in its last Funeral fires,  
After that infinite Mass consum'd, expires;  
Where once so bright an Orbe of glory was;  
Torments and Hell fill up the empty space.

(grew,

*Ulam.* Those thoughts, whence this disorder'd language  
Have some great cause:

*Solyman.* Yes, and a strange one too.  
I'm practising the Gyants War again:  
I've seen that Heav'n I wou'd unjustly Win.  
In one mean act, my Honour I Dethrone:  
From *Ibrahim's* Friend, I am his Rival grown.

*Ulam.* For his, for hers, for your own glories sake,  
Some care of your declining Friendship take.  
Her, by your Kingly promise, you have made  
Your Daughter, him your Son; Rights which t'invade,  
Will so much stain your worth, eclipse your light,  
That your own Mirror will your soul affright:  
That he who once made trembling Nations shake,  
Will at his own surprizing Image quake.

*Solyman.* These reasons my Conversion might have wrought,  
Were I not too much harden'd in my fault.  
But *Ulama* I Love, and must Enjoy;  
No Argument can that Resolve destroy.  
In this extream my desp'rate cause defend,  
Not as my Reasons, but my Passions Friend.  
O tell me how

I may my Love without a Crime pursue;  
Sooth me, and flatter me, deceive me, do:  
Hide all those stains that make it an offence,  
And cheat me with a glimpse of Innocence.

*Moras.* What need of Cheers? Is there a happiness  
That the Worlds Lord should wish, and not possess?  
You wrong your self, and our great Prophet too,  
To yield to grief, and not your joys pursue:  
Kings are his care, nor are their passions fir'd  
by common heat of blood, but things inspir'd.



'Tis the Eternal Will that does ordain  
 Your Love or Hate; nor can that act in vain.  
 If your Bliss only by her Love's attain'd,  
 For you then she's by providence ordain'd.  
 Why to your self then, are you so unkind,  
 To feed your own despair; why, to man-kind,  
 To let their Monarch languish; why to Heav'n,  
 Thus to refuse what th'High decrees have giv'n?

*Solym.* No, kind *Morat*; our Prophet does ordain,  
 Monarchs with Honour should their Joys obtain:  
 And when that Rock stops our forbidden way,  
 Pow'r must not climb where Vertue bids us stay.

*Mor.* Honour and Friendship safe, with all her charms,  
 That Beauty shall be lodg'd within your armes.  
 Put his Allegiance to this glorious test;  
 Tell him your Love, and make her your request.  
 When he shall know such ador'd greatness dies,  
 If not recover'd by that Ladies eyes,  
 What will not so much Loyalty perform,  
 To guard his King from such a threat'ning storm?  
 By Heav'n he will present her on his knees.

*Solym.* Love ne're makes gifts so Prodigal as these.

*Mor.* Be not deceiv'd, your pow'rful influence try.

*Solym.* How, not deceiv'd! Yes, you deceive me.

*Mor.* I!

*Solym.* Yes! and I thank you for the Courtesie.  
 Though all that you have said in my defence,  
 Are Reasons as remov'd from Truth and Sence,  
 As I'm from Peace: Yet such my passion is;  
 I'm charm'd ev'n with imaginary blifs.  
 Love, when thy pow'rs distracted fancies seize,  
 Hope in all formes, tho ne're so false can please. (dreams,

*Ulam.* Recall your wandering thoughts from such false  
 And free your self from all these wil'd extreams:  
 This low desire and humble thought surmount,  
 And your own happier Scenes of Love recount:  
 Think of that dazzling form, so far above  
 Natures less lights, your *Raxolana's* Love.

*Solym.* There! Oh 'tis there I'm lost! that only Name,  
 Brands my inconstancy with guilt and shame.

Her

Her right I, irreligious I, have stole;  
 She, who so long has singly sway'd my soul;  
 To whom I've sworn that Faith should ne're remove,  
 And dedicated an immortal Love;  
 A Love so sacred, as should neither have  
 An end on this side, nor beyond the Grave:  
 Down go her Altars, and her pow'r decays;  
 To a new Saint I a new Temple raise. *Ex. Sol. & Mor.*

*Ulam.* This secret must to *Roxolana*; she  
 Must hear her faithless Lords Apostacy.  
 The early knowledge of this dang'rous Love;  
 May give her means her dangers to remove.  
 I'll waken all the forces of her heart,  
 Rowze all her charms, her policy and art,  
 To re-establish her declining power:  
 I to my Trust was never false before.  
 But am I false to oppose his Crimes! to serve  
 Such excellence, such greatness to preserve!  
 To be his Vertues and her Honours guard!  
 Friendship's a Tyrant, if't has Laws so hard.  
 But why did I see *Roxolana* last?  
 Why was that Jewel in the Turkish Diadem plac'd,  
 To shine so bright, and yet be priz'd no higher?  
 Can he, whom such Raies warm,  
 Be led astray by any wand'ring fire?  
 Well are thy Ensigns, the inconstant Moon;  
 Had she been destin'd to adorn my Throne,  
 She had met a kinder Clime under a Persian Sun.  
 Yet though I Love, and Love too late----

*Enter Roxolana and Asteria.*

She's here!

The story is not for *Asteria's* ear.

I'll watch the favour of a private hour.

[*Ex.*]

*Rox.* There was a time when my commands had pow'r.

*Aster.* Have they not still?

*Roxol.* Then Love that Traytor less;  
 And your obedience in your scorn express.

*Aster.* Love, once by your consent my Breast did rule;  
 And can your Councils change, and not my Soul?

No, sure; like Oracles such goodness spoke,  
 Pronounced what it meant never to revoke.

Hate,

Hate, that rough Passion, Natures worst disease,  
Should be learnt only amongst Savages,  
Thoughts more refin'd, and words of gentler fence,  
Should be the Precepts of such Excellence.

*Roxol.* Poor Innocence, abuse your self no more;  
Think of Revenge, and those fond tears give o're.

*After.* Has *Ibrahim* deserv'd so ill of me?

*Roxol.* Can such apparent Crimes disputed be?  
Such injuries, though by th'Offenders Fate,  
You may Revenge, you ne're can expiate.

*After.* Talk not of punishing so brave a Man.  
Though hopeless I, his Love must never gain;  
Call it his Fate, not Cruelty, when I  
Must for some more deserving Beauty dye.

*Roxol.* Your anger and disdain should swell the more,  
For being injur'd on a Rivals score.  
Who can t'a meaner choice his thoughts debase,  
And wrong his lifes Protectress, and the Race  
Of *Solyman*; a man so base and rude,  
You ought to scorn for his ingratitude.

*After.* Ah Royal Madam, do not lay a Crime  
Upon the just and guiltless *Ibrahim*.

No doubt my Love came in too late an hour,  
When his lost heart was gone beyond his power;  
Seal'd by some Vows which I must ne're recall,  
And should I be so guilty in my fall,  
As against Heav'n and Nature to repine,  
Because they have made Eyes more bright than mine?

*Roxol.* If Love, the payment of his heart withstood,  
His Honour should have paid you with his blood.  
But since he guilty lives, abhor his Name;  
If justice can't convert you, then let shame.

*After.* No more; already you too much have said,  
When your commands can never be obey'd:  
I ne're can hate him; though his Loss must kill;  
My Murderer is my Lov'd *Ibrahim* still.  
The world has not that man, whose worth should buy  
My life, when I for *Ibrahim* can dye.  
Yet methinks Death I would not wish too near;  
I would not go to Heav'n till he comes there.

*Roxol.*



*Roxol.* Leave me *Asteria*; how can I endure  
To hear those ills, my Council cannot cure?

[*Ex. Asteria.*

*Enter Ulama.*

*Ulam.* Pride of the World, in Beauty, Power, and Love,  
Great here below, and no less great above:  
To *Solyman's* Throne by Divine Justice led,  
Which gave such merit to adorn that head.  
Love, which in Turkish Kings no limits knew,  
But wide and spreading like their Ensigns flew;  
By the new Miracle your Beauty wrought,  
Its first and only constancy was taught.  
Whilst th'Emperors wishes in a prize so rare,  
Met all the Worlds delight, and center'd there.

*Roxol.* How *Ulama*! Is *Roxolana's* power  
Disputed, that it wants an Orator?

*Ulam.* No, Madam, there, where Empire's absolute,  
Your pow'r all should obey, and none dispute.  
But when some black Tempestuous Vapours rise,  
And with an envious darkness shade the skies;  
We see the Sun behind a Cloud retire:  
Great lights may be Eclips'd, though ne're expire.  
Pardon that tongue which must offend your Ear:  
And say

There's a storm rise in *Roxolana's* Sphear.  
There is a Christian Beauty hither come,  
That has out-done the Arms of Christendom.  
The Turkish Crescents were Triumphant there;  
But their great Leader is a Captive here.

*Roxol.* Go on—

*Ulam.* And that which does his pains increase,  
Is, that this fair Invader of his peace  
Calls *Ibrahim* Eord; by a long-kindled fire,  
In mutual wishes their twin-souls conspire.  
Yet not the pow'r of Friendship, nor the sence  
Of infinite charms, th'Almighty influence  
Of *Roxolana*; not this glorious piece,  
Enrich by nature at so vast a price,  
That 'tis undone; a workmanship so great,  
As Bankrupt Nature never can repeat:

Not

Not all this dazzling object can restrain  
Your wand'ring *Solyman* from thoughts too mean.  
Such thoughts, that He, that's blest by your fair eyes,  
And Lord of such a Treasure, should despise.

*Rox.* And are your Conquer'd fortunes sunk so far,  
That to revenge the injuries of War,  
Wanting the pow'r to oppose his arms, you dare  
Invade the Sultans breast, assault him there?

When by so insolent a Treachery,  
You would raise storms betwixt my King and Me?  
He who dares breath

Against th'unblemisht Honour of my Lord,  
That honour which has been so long ador'd  
By th'World and Me, not pray'rs nor offerings shou'd  
From my just rage protect the bold Baphemers blood.  
But thy rude Arrogance shall boast no more  
Th'indulgence of a gen'rous Conqueror.

My Guards there!

[Enter Guards.

Seize that Traytor.

[Guards, seize Ulama.

*Ulam.* A command

From you, I should not ev'n in Death withstand:  
But for some minutes grant him a Reprieve,  
Who only for your service begs to live.

*Rox.* Serv'd by such Treachery! Yes thy Canker'd heart  
Deserves that glory, Traytor as thou art.

*Ulam.* He who dares falsly stain your Sultans Fame,  
And impiously profane that Mighty Name;  
Deserves more Tortures than the rage of Fate  
Or Hell can give; for he deserves your hate:

But if your alter'd *Solyman* lays by,  
Once in a Life his bright Divinity,  
For a frail thought; must he that knows, and he  
That tells the Miracle, Truths Martyr be?

If such I must be, let your pow'r dispence,  
With life enough to prove my Innocence.

It is enough my Sentence came from you,  
I would not willingly seem guilty too:

He who from your displeasure meets his Doom,  
Needs no more weight to crush him to his Tomb.

*Rox.* Call *Solyman* perjur'd, and have a pretence,  
After that word to talk of Innocence:

*Ulam.*

*Ulam.* But Madam----

*Roxol.* Falsehood in *Solyman* ! were't writ i'th Stars,  
I'd not believe it: Through those Characters  
Of Night, I should Heaven's spite and malice see,  
And call their twinkling lights as false as thee.

*Ulam.* Would all I've said were false, and I that black  
And monstrous thing your anger does mistake :  
So much I *Roxolana*'s blifs prefer  
Before Life, Fame, and all that men call dear :  
That to unite her wandering Lord and her ;  
I wish by Death I could her troubles cease,  
And be that Traytor to secure her peace.

*Roxol.* Your forfeit Head---but live---for should you dye  
By Death you would but end your Infamy.  
Your blood by me would be too nobly spilt :  
Live branded with my hate, and your own guilt.

*Enter Asteria.*

*Aster.* Madam, my happy Rival is arriv'd,  
And with such pomp by *Solyman* receiv'd ;  
With so much joy, as if the smiles he gave,  
Shou'd build a Monument o're a Daughters Grave.

*Roxol.* What do I hear ? half he has said is true.  
Release him.

[*Guards release him.*]

What if all shou'd be so too ?  
'Tis something strange, that *Solyman* shou'd treat  
His injur'd Daughters Rival in such state :  
I fain would ask her--- but a sudden chill  
Has seiz'd my blood ; something me-thinks I feel  
Like a cold damp came from that killing breath.  
What will the truth be then ; if but the fear be death ?

[*Ex. all but Ulama.*]

*Ulam.* Are scorn and hate my Services reward ?  
Death with my Love compar'd's a task less hard.  
Men dye with hopes of blifs, I Love with none :  
Yet still I must adore where I'm undone.  
Though by your pow'r unworthy *Solyman*,  
Vain are my hopes, and endless is my pain,  
My Pride shall be, I will my Love pursue  
For less reward, with greater Faith than you.

[*Exit.*]

*The end of the Second Act.*

E

ACT

## ACT the THIRD.

The SCENE, a Room of State.

*Enter Ibrahim and Isabella with Women-Attendants.*

Ibrab. **H**is generous Friendship that unites us now,  
 Was that which did so long divide us too.  
 For when as my long Services reward,  
 Quitting my tiresome Honours I prepar'd

To beg my Freedom, and returning home,  
 To meet my only Joys in Christendom:  
 One War scarce finish'd, still succeeded new,  
 The Sultan found fresh Kingdoms to subdue:  
 And whilst he had Foes t'oppose, or Crowns to gain;  
 My Passion with my Honour strove in vain.  
 Still studying to discharge my mighty Debt,  
 I lost my Freedom by deserving it:  
 By my success, to *Solyman* I grew  
 Still more endear'd, and more remov'd from you.

*Isab.* So much this Justice merits my Applause,  
 That had you quitted such a Monarchs Cause  
 Ignobly, though for me; so great a stain,  
 Had made me share the wrongs of *Solyman*.

*Enter Solyman and Morat.*

*Solym.* *Natolia* up in Arms! I wish no more. [to Morat.

Rebellion ne're was welcome till this hour.  
 This Insurrection will auspicious prove,  
 And aid me in my bold and dangerous Love.  
 My fair Adopted, with that care and art,  
 I'm bound to treat such infinite desert:  
 That trembling I approach, you out of fear  
 To loose that favour which I prize so dear;  
 When my Necessity my Tongue must force,  
 To make a short, but an unkind Divorce.  
 Start not at what your pleasure my withstand;  
 'Tis only my request, not my command.  
 But if fair *Isabella* won'd dispence  
 With *Ibrahim's* absence to revenge his Prince.

[To *Isab.*

I'd beg my Valiant *Ibrahim's* Sword of you;  
The Insolent *Natolians* to subdue.  
His presence their Allegiance will restore,  
Who felt his Conquering Arm so late before.  
And though a while he does his Joys delay,  
Hee'l come more glorious to his Nuptial day.

*Isabel.* When *Solyman's* Honour, or his Dangers call,  
My Right's so little, and my power so small:  
I can't, or if I could, I shou'd not stay  
Their hands, who at your feet their Laurels lay.  
Go fight, and conquer to adorn that brow:  
Pay your vast debt to this great Monarch due. [to *Ibrahim*.  
Whatever my own private sufferings be,  
When 'tis t'advance your Fame, I ought to see } to *Solyman*.  
Him rather dye for you, than live for me.

*Solyman.* Illustrious Maid, fear not his safe return.  
Heav'n for your merit must have such concern,  
That if his own yet matchless courage cou'd  
Not bring him safely back, your wishes wou'd.

*Ibrahim.* My Pride, and my Devotion shou'd embrace  
That glorious task, which your Imperial Grace,  
Upon your Creature, and your Slave confers.  
But thus t'assert your Fame wou'd ruine Hers:

*Solyman.* How *Ibrahim*.

*Ibrahim.* Great Sir, the very sound  
Of a *Scraglio* will her Honour wound.  
Virgins their Fame so cautiously support,  
That she's not safe, though lodg'd in *Solyman's* Court.  
I therefore beg our speedy Nuptials may  
Drive both her Dangers, and my Fears away.  
And till our Stars my safe return decree,  
My Pallace may her Sanctuary be.  
But if the chance of War has not design'd  
My Life, as Fortune is not always kind:  
I at my destiny shall less repine,  
To think my *Isabella* once was mine;  
Adding the thoughts of one days bliss below,  
To that Eternity to which I goe.

*Solyman.* I can forgive thy fear, though 'tis unjust.  
My well-known Virtue checks that vain distrust:



That Constancy which long has been my Fame,  
And render'd a *Seraglio* but a name.

Yet e're you go, I would compleat your Bliss:  
But Honour which commands that, hinders this.  
So bright must *Isabella's* Nuptials shine,  
And I so great Solemnities design;  
That the o're-hasty Cause which calls you hence,  
Does too few hours for that great work dispence.

*Ibrab.* Our Nuptials with less State---

*Solym.* It is unkind

To think so ill of what's so well design'd:  
You slight my favours when you treat me so.

*Ibrab.* That word has silenc'd me. If I must go,  
And go, e're I the Sacred Tye can bind,  
Of th'unseal'd Treasure that I leave behind,  
I make a Deed of Trust to *Solyman*. [*gives her to Solyman.*  
Here in my absence as a Father Reign.  
To my great Lord her safety I resign:

Whilst I subdue your World, do you guard mine.

*Solym.* Guard her! that charge not her best Angels can.  
Perform, with half the Zeal of *Solyman*.

Oh *Ibrahim*! cou'd thy Innocence but guess,  
With how much guilt I this fair charge possess!  
'Twould chill thy blood, and make an Ague there,  
As great as is the burning Feavour here.

} *Aside*

Me-thinks I in your looks discern a pain,  
That begs this guift some minutes back again.  
Take her: Till that just right's perform'd, I'm gone:  
Your parting Love admits no lookers on.

[*gives her agen to Ibrahim.*

Conquest and Armes on him I did bestow,  
To raise him once, but to destroy him now.  
Love of all passions is the most Divine,  
But when encompass with such Crimes as mine,  
By th'num'rous frailties that attend it, then  
When we come next to Gods, we are but men.]

} *Aside*

[*Exit Solyman. and Morat.*

*Isabel.* I bid you go; but guard your precious Life;  
For endless, if you dye, will be my grief.

I shall be left in a strange Court unknown,  
Where my dear Fame may suffer, when you're gone.  
Nay worse; left in a World, not worth my care  
Or thought, when once my *Ibrahim's* not there.

*Ibrab.* Beauty and Love so fair a Seat ne're held.  
Were not the Constant *Sultan's* bosom seal'd;  
Were not his Heart, his *Roxolana's* prize,  
I should suspect the Magick of your Eyes.

*Isabel.* Could *Solyman* be false, and by my pow'r,  
Though absent, nay, though dead, yet rest secure:  
Fear not in Heav'n assaults against her Love,  
Which Crowns can't buy, nor Fate it self remove.  
But cou'd he Love, there's little danger here.  
What e're their pow'r is when my *Ibrahim's* near;  
He'll find, when you are absent, in these Eyes,  
More to move pitty, than gain Victories.

*Ibrab.* Surprizing Vertue; so much Extasy  
In our next happy meeting I fore-see:  
Did not the pain of parting make it less,  
My joys would ev'n grow fatal by th'excess.  
But if the distant prospect is so clear,  
How dazling will the blifs be when 'tis near?

*Isabel.* When you are gone, as 'tis resolv'd you must:  
My tears in solitude will be so just;  
And I'll perform my Loves sad Rites so well,  
As shall convert a Pallace to a Cell:  
And if the War should take your Life away;  
(But oh far distant be that fatal day.)  
From Courts, and from the tiresome world I'll flye,  
And your just mourner in a Cloyster dye. (about)

*Ibrab.* Oh matchless Faith! They who would search a-  
The World; to find thy Vertues equal out:  
Must take a Journey longer than the Sun,  
And Pilgrims dye, ere half their race is run.

[Enter Asteria.]

*Asteria* here!

*Isabel.* Do I my Rival see?  
Is this the Beauty you refus'd for me?

*Aster.* Fair envy'd Maid! 'Tis not enough that you  
Should only Conquer, you must Triumph too.

Your

Your Beauty has no little Trophy won,  
 When it is prais'd by her it has undone:  
 See here a Monarchs mourning Daughter brought  
 To speak the glories by a Rival wrought:  
 Mrs. of more than all the World can boast;  
 Mrs. of all *Asteria's* hopes have lost.

*Isabel.* Can so much Beauty mourn? If there's that Breast  
 That can the force of those fair Eyes resist,  
 The fault's in Fortune, not your want of pow'r:  
 I saw him first, and in the luckiest hour:  
 You only came too late to gain that heart;  
 And are in chance Out-rival'd, not desert:  
 But am I safe against such charms? I view  
 Fresh dangers in the Wonders lodg'd in you.

*After.* O do not fear that I'd invade your right;  
 I would not make him wretched, if I might:  
 If Destiny cou'd e're have made me His,  
 His Soul all mine; in that high state of bliss,  
 I thou'd have pittied Kings; thought Crowns less dear;  
 To command worlds, not worth obeying here.  
 But could he now be mine, the dearer joy  
 He lost in you, would his Lives peace destroy.  
 But know I'd ne're cloud him to make me shine;  
 I would not shake his peace, though to crown mine.

*Ibrab.* Mirrour of Vertue! stop those Tears, and treat  
 Ingratitude at a much juster rate:  
 Your hate and scorn thou'd my deserts repay,  
 Cast not so ill those sacred Pearl away.

*After.* Not mourn for *Ibrahim*! yes! and dye; but if  
 Fate for a while protects my weary Life,  
 'Tis only lent me to be kind to you:—

*Ibrab.* No longer this astonishing dream pursue.

*After.* O Sir, there hangs a Comet o're your head,  
 A threatening Star in gloomy horrors spread.

*Isabel.* Say, Madam, what's that Ruine that's so near;  
 Dangers are his Familiars, but not fear.

*After.* My Cruel Father---oh that Sacred Name!  
 None but a Daughter to pronounce his shame!  
 My Father, Sir, has laid his Vertue down,  
 Has shaded all the lustre of his Crown.

And

And in that black degenerate disguise,  
Has seen his *Ibrahim's* Saint with impious eyes.

*Ibrah.* Tortures and Hell!

*Isabel.* Oh would this sound of Death,  
Had found a passage from some Villains breath,  
Some Infidel or Hellish minister:

There might be hopes then my deluded ear  
Had been abus'd, and some brib'd Traitor spoke;  
But there's too great Credentials in that look.

*Ibrah.* Quick, quick, dear Madam, Kill apace; go on.  
Say, what black hour this Cruelty begun?

How fatally the sudden Tempest rise,  
That would put out my light, and Eclipse his.

*After.* To *Ulama* he has reveal'd his shame,  
'Tis from his Mouth, the fatal secret came:

And that your fight may not his hopes debar,  
He takes th'occasion of th'approaching War  
To make his passage free; whilst you are sent  
To conquer, 'tis a splendid banishment.

But fly dear Sir, leave an Inhumane Court,  
Where glorious ills their gaudy pomp support.  
Fly to some kinder Clime,

Where both from dangers and from fears remov'd,  
For ever Love, and be for ever Lov'd;

Free from all Jealousie, Cares, and distrust,  
Live a long happy Life when I am Dust.

And Madam, do not think I am unkind

[To Isabel.

In courting him to leave his pow'rs behind,

And all his Honours quit: You, who can dwell

Securely with such merit in a Cell;

Will make your Joys the loss of Crowns supply,

If you but love him half so well as I.

*Isabel.* Great *Solyman* has found an early Heir;  
Vertue has left his breast t'inhabit here.

*After.* But when I bid you flye, and from all harms,  
Remove you to be safe in *Ibrahims* Armes:

I make you happy, but with all the pain

Despairing Love and bleeding hearts sustein.

Forc'd by my Piety and Love, I must

A Rival blest to make a Father just:

*Ibrah.*

*Ibrab.* But Madam, when she's safe, safe in my pow'r,  
From splendid Jailes, and Rival Kings secure:  
Then what requital can I make, who owe  
My Life, and all that makes Life dear to you.

*After.* The payment I shall ask, will easie be;  
Only remember you were sav'd by me:  
And if my Memory be worth your care,  
Then I'm o're-paid for all my favours here.

*Ibrab.* Fear not my payment then if that be all,  
On you, as on my Tutelar Saint I'll call.

*After.* What you resolve, must instantly be done,  
Whilst we discourse the precious minutes run.  
*Morat*, and his Confederates haunt this ground,  
And ev'n her Guards already watch her round.  
But for her safety I have found the way.

*Ibrab.* Speak Author of my Heav'n, and I'll obey.

*After.* You know what Turkish custom  
Has with th'Imperial Daughters long prevail'd;  
A Sultane's ne're walks abroad Unveil'd:  
She then by my retinue and my shape,  
Shall in my borrow'd Veile make an escape:  
My Women I've engag'd t'attend her flight.  
And to avoid all dangers by my sight.  
To keep the Cheat from all discovery,  
Till she's gone safe; I will her place supply.

*Isabel.* I must not buy my freedom at that rate,  
Expose you to incur your Fathers hate.  
Have I no other way t'attain my bliss?

*After.* What other way? or where's the fault in this?

*Isabel.* If on no other ground my safety's built,  
I must refuse that Bliss t'avoid this Guilt.

*After.* Were I to flye with *Ibrahim*, I should find,  
Not half these Arguments to stay behind.

*Isabel.* Rather than let my Guardian be undone,  
I'll perish by that storm I must not shun:  
Tortures and Death's the worst, and those I'll bear,  
Rather than sin against my Honour here.

*After.* I am his Daughter, and have pow'r t'assuage,  
With a few Tears an angry Fathers rage:



But you he Loves, Loves with a lawless flame,  
And no small pow'r can violent passions tame.

*Ibrab.* Madam, the kind *Sultana's* gift embrace;  
Stop not the Torrent of her Royal Grace.

*Isabel.* Must she then stay to suffer in my place?  
Must I requite her with returns so rude,  
And buy my safety with ingratitude?

*Aster.* Oh flye Sir, I conjure you do not stay;  
Will you not once, not once my will obey:  
You'l pay a Life's obedience to her pow'r,  
And shall not I command you for an hour?

*Ibrab.* Let not her soft entreaties be withstood,  
Since she like Heav'n is pleas'd with doing good:  
To her a Father cannot be unkind;  
The breach your absence makes, her prayers may bind.

*Isabel.* Were I assur'd her dangers were not great:  
'Twere hard when she commands, and you entreat;  
T'oppose such force-----

*Aster.* Have I the Conquest won?  
Now all my bus'ness in the World is done:  
I cannot fall more low, nor raise you higher.

*Ibrab.* Farewell!  
And generous excellence, when we retire,  
Oblig'd by goodness at this vast excess,  
We're happy. but must blush at Happiness-----

*Aster.* Stay yet: If I must never see you more,  
One favour let my breaking heart implore:  
When Miser-like, you with a greedy eye, [to Isabel,  
Seize those kind looks for which I mourn and dye:  
Amidst your scenes of Joy shall *Ibrahim* be  
Permitted but to steal one sigh for me?

*Isabel.* Permit his Sighs, yes, and command 'em too:  
By my Commission he shall pay that due.

*Aster.* And when I'm dead---(but I shall ask too far!)  
Shall He

At poor *Asteria's* Name let fall a Tear?

*Isabel.* A thousand! But be far that hour remov'd:  
Such vertue must of Heav'n be more belov'd;  
Then t'have a Raig'n so short: yet if we shall  
Survive the generous *Asteria's* fall:

Doubt not the pious Tribute of his Tears,  
My Eyes shall be his griefs Remembrancers.  
Each Sigh he takes, each Tear he sheds shall warm  
My Breast, and to our Loves be a fresh charm.

*After.* And will you do all this?

[to Ibrahim.]

*Ibrahim.* Do't, with as true

A Zeal, as the fam'd Vestals ever knew:  
With Piety more constant and entire  
Your ashes I'll adore, than they their fire.

*After.* Now I have all my wishes dare implore:  
You cannot grant, nor must I ask you more:  
But Sir, if e're

You are distressed agen (which Heav'n forbid!)  
Call on my Name: I'll be your Guard, tho dead;  
For sure in Love there is so strong a tie,  
That even my Ghost will be as kind as I.

[Exit Ibrahim. and Isabel. with Asteria's Attendants.]

Oh *Isabella*! thus to set thee free,  
What has Love done for him, despair for thee?  
I've giv'n hopes, happiness, and life away,  
And dearly for that generous act must pay:  
I in his absence feel his killing pow'r;  
Alas! my Ruine was too near before:  
Yet now as if it came too slowly pac'd,  
I have turn'd Prodigal to make more haste.  
Musick directed here! what can this mean?

*A Song is sung from within.*

### SONG.

*No Art Loves Influence can destroy.  
In vain would Captive Kings their Chains unloose,  
When the blind Boy  
The Thunderer himself could ne're oppose.  
Drest up in various forms his Heav'n he left,  
And practis'd in disguise the amorous Theft.  
But if Omnipotence so chang'd could be,  
Fair Celia wonder not to see  
Thy Vassal as disguis'd and as transform'd as he.*

*After.* Oh! now I find the mystery! 'tis plain.  
This entertainment came from *Solyman*.

No

No, King, were thy intended Victim here,  
In vain you'd court her sence, and treat her ear:  
She who possesses Ibrahim's heart-----  
Her thoughts no room for such mean charms can yield,  
Her Breast is with more noble Raptures fill'd.

*Enter Solyman and Morat.*

My Father here!

This sight drives all my blasted hopes away;  
Can his wild passion brook no longer stay?

*[Absconds her self amongst Isabella's Women.]*

*Solym.* Th' ascent is dang'rous, and no common care,  
Nor hasty steps can make approaches there:  
I must with wide and distant Courtship move,  
Before I sally out and call it Love.

*[Approaches and finds Asteria.]*

*Asteria!* Torture of my Soul! what's here---- *[Aside.]*  
Where is the Christian Princess-----

Oh my fear!-----

*[Aside.]*

*Aster.* Your Pardon Royal Sir.

*Solym.* My Love's disclos'd!

And all my Guilt and Infamy expos'd.  
Where is she?

*[Aside.]*

*Aster.* Pardon an act of Piety and Love,  
When I to guard your Honour, durst remove  
A threaten'd Rival.

*Solym.* Ravish'd from my pow'r!

And my own Daughter a Conspirator.---  
Effeminate Vertue, hence; flye from my sight.

*[Aside.]*

*Aster.* Can *Solyman* in Cruelty delight?

No, be as just as I.

*Solym.* Cease thy fond grief;

Be gone, and to thy absence owe thy Life.

*Aster.* Then I retire: Not for the fear of Death;  
That I can bear, but not your angry breath--- *[Ex. Aster.]*

*Solym.* This fatal story must take Aire from you: *[To Mor.]*  
How came my Love discover'd? Traytor how?  
If 'twas thy Tongue that durst the secret tell,  
Thou hadst better had thy soul as deep in Hell,  
As I'm beneath the Stars, than speak that word.

*Mor.* I tell the Secrets of my Sacred Lord !  
By all that's good to Heaven, I'm not so true,  
Not half so constant to my pray'rs as you.

*Solym.* How got she hence ? where is she ?

*Mor.* To me, it no less Riddle did appear,  
To find her gone, than see *Asteria* here :  
If my eyes fail'd me not, some minutes since  
I saw this very Lady part from hence ;  
And led by *Ibrahim* - ----

*Solym.* Then she has made escape  
By the assistance of *Asteria's* shape :  
Fly, seize 'em both ; and bring 'em Prisoners here.  
Do it, as thou lov'st happiness ; find her,  
Or loose thy Life and Me.

*Enter Roxolana and Mirva.*

My Guards are thine :

Shew me that Face agen, or ne're see mine.

*Roxol.* You were discoursing : Royal Sir ; go on :  
I will be silent till my Lord has done.  
For Monarchs sure should speak such Sacred things,  
That all shou'd listen to the Voyce of Kings.

*Solym.* Am I with shame on every side beset ;  
This Face I till this hour with pleasure met.

[*Aside.*

*Roxol.* I durst not, Sir, have ventur'd to appear  
- Within this place, were the fair Christian here :  
But in her absence I am bolder grown,  
The meanest Star looks out when the Sun's gone.

*Solym.* Is it your Wit or Anger makes you thus  
Severe, against our Christian Guest, and us ?

*Roxol. Sultan,* it is my Ruin brings me here,  
The Evening of my glorious Day draws near.  
From all my long blest hours and shining light,  
I take the prospect of Eternal Night.

*Solym.* Whence *Roxolana* should this fear proceed ?  
And by what Fate is this black Change decreed ?

*Roxol.* How *Sultan* ! Can you Kill me, and not know  
The cruel hand that gives the fatal blow ?  
Th'effect is but too sure, too plain the cause,  
When his kind smiles my alter'd Lord with-draws.

*Solym.* Why to your self will you such pains contract,  
And fear those injuries I scorn to act ?

If



If from my Smiles your greatness takes its Fate,  
I will Smile on, since that supports your State.

*Roxol.* Nay then I feel my certain Destiny:  
Are empty Smiles all you have left for me?

*Sultan!* that's not your Love, but Charity.  
And of your Charity must I the object grow?  
Can *Roxolana* have a fall so low?

Christian, thou hast perform'd a Tyrants part;  
To make this change in my dear *Sultan's* heart.

*Solym.* Well Empress! Since such pow'rful Tears I find,  
To mourning *Roxolana* I'll be kind.

*Roxol.* O my faint hopes!

*Solym.* Dissembling in a King,  
Would be too abject and too base a thing.  
And therefore I this favour will impart,  
I'll give you the true Picture of my Heart:  
I Love that Princess —

*Roxol.* O my Death!

*Solym.* And to that height that nothing can remove,  
My resolution to pursue my Love:  
I'll prosecute all the long-practis'd Arts  
That Majesty e're found to conquer Hearts.

*Roxol.* Nay, now you are more Cruel than before:  
Was't not enough I did your Loss deplore?

But t'heighten my despair, must your own breath,  
To make my fall more lowd, proclaim my Death?  
'T had been enough t'have met a silent Doom.  
Must the black Cloud have Thunder in its Womb?

*Solym.* Why is your Fall and Death by *Solyman* wrought?  
By Heav'n I've no such mallice in my thought.

My thoughts flow purer: No black stream runs here.

Love fills my breast, and makes the Current clear:

And Love that's the impetuous Tide of Souls;

No Majesty, no Sacred name controules.

But from its pow'r its Innocence does hold,

As th' Acts of Heav'n are good, because they're uncontroul'd.

*Roxol.* There was a Time! (but oh

That *Roxolana* lives to speak that word!)

When my still Lov'd, and my once loving Lord

Vow'd an Eternity of Faith to Me;

And call'd on Heav'n to witness that Decree;

But



But now unkindly does that Heav'n invoke,  
To see his Vows and Sacred Promise broke:  
The Days, the Seasons, and the Years go on,  
And Nature her unalter'd course does run:  
But why's not the United World uning'd,  
When that bright Vertue, which should rule't, is chang'd.  
Since Honour can be Violated there,  
Why does not Nature your Confusion share?  
Is *Solyman's* World more constant than its Lord?

*Soly.* 'Tis true: I gave you my imperial word  
To Love you, and have done it to the height:  
Beauty was never treated in more State:  
A Nuptial Tye, and sharer in a Throne,  
To all my Predecessors was unknown.

*Roxol.* Yes Sir; you rais'd me to a Crown, forsook  
The rude delights your wilde Fore-fathers took.  
When from the feeble Charms of multitude,  
And change, your heart with one pure flame endu'd,  
Was all entire to *Roxolana* giv'n:  
As Converts quit Idolatry for Heav'n.  
To that I ow'd my Happiness; but know,  
'Tis to that too, I do my Ruine owe.

*Soly.* Death; how she tortures me? Is this  
Diversión for a Lover in my pain?  
No news of *Isabella* here again?

[*Aside.*

*Roxol.* Had *Solyman* lov'd like other Turkish Kings,  
And I been one of those same suffering things,  
Who as your Slaves, your scatter'd favours caught,  
I in the crowd had had no higher thought.  
But from that hour I was the *Sultan's* Wife,  
My Soul grew with the glories of my Life.  
My infinite Knowledge makes my pains excess:  
Remembrance is the Plague of Greatness in distress.

*Soly.* When to those eyes I swore I would be true,  
'Twas to the Worlds Variety in you:  
All your whole Sex for you I did forsake,  
Who, had all that Beauty which they joy'd could make.  
And as I constantly perform'd that Vow,  
For the same reason I am alter'd now.

Then

Then call me not inconstant, nor unkind,  
Who greater charmes in *Isabella* find—— [Ex. *Solyman*.

*Roxol.* Neglected was too much! but slighted too!

Who could expect these barbrous wrongs from you?  
*Sultan*, what e're thy falsehood shall design,  
My Lustre through thy hate and scorn shall shine.  
Just Gods!

Defend my Vertue; Guard my sacred Fame,  
Then whom none nearer to your God-heads came:  
Do't, as your Honour and your Pow'rs divine:  
Prove your own Greatness by your care of mine.

*Mirv.* Doubt not th'Immortal Justice in your Cause.  
Since your Apostate Lord his heart with-draws;  
Heav'n will Revenge the wrongs to such a Saint:  
If there can be a greater punishment,  
Then th'offence; to hold so rich, so bright  
A Treasure, and want sence to value it.

*Roxol.* False though he is——  
So much respect is to his greatness due,  
I may impeach his Treasons, but not you.

*Mirv.* But say the World could yield as great a Man  
In Birth, in Love, more great than *Solyman*;  
Who did for *Roxolana's* Beauty dye,  
And with a Love as Innocent, as high;  
That wish'd no greater a reward t'obtain,  
Than his fair Murderers pittie of his pain.  
Could you permit——

*Roxol.* That He should tell me so?

*Mirv.* Only to ease your grief, and let you know  
Your Love is not unfortunate alone:  
Since there are miseries beyond your own.

*Roxol.* If such a Traytor to my Fame there be,  
That thinks Love Innocent, when spoke to me:  
Conceal his Name, as you would guard your Life.  
But if a silent Death can ease his grief,  
Let him Love on, and dye without my frown.  
For if his Insolence his Love dares own,  
And breath th'aspiring thought, he shall receive,  
The cruell'st Doom that Hate and Rage can give.

Enter

*Enter Ulama.*

*Mirv.* Take heed, Great Sir, suppress your dang'rous flame,  
There's Death and Ruine in the very Name :

*[Aside to Ulam.]*

*Ulam.* Fair Empress, They, who so much Beauty meet,  
Ought to strow Flow'rs and Laurels at your Feet.  
The voyce of Triumph should your ears delight ;  
But I approach you like those Birds of Night ;  
Which hovering near great Pallaces, still come  
With their harsh Notes t'express some threat'ning doom.  
Such your hard Fortune is, and such is mine.  
Your cruel Lord (but oh that Fate shou'd joyn  
With Cruelty!) by his wild passion led,  
Has seiz'd the Christian Princess as she fled :

*Roxel.* More weight to my destruction! ———

*Ulam.* How much this accident, may his fierce rage,  
'Gainst an Offending Rivals Life engage,  
Is yet not fully known : Only thus far  
He, has given away the Conduct of the War  
From Ibrahim. Such Madam is my fear  
For you, so great my dread of dangers here ;  
That though my Vows and Pray'rs pay you that Debt  
Which all Man-kind does owe ; and to compleat  
Your glory, wish you all your pow'r can meet :  
The World at your Command, and Monarchs at your Feet :  
Yet whilst th'imaginary pomp goes on,  
And my fierce Zeal exalts you on a Throne,  
As high as Heav'n, and no less glorious too.  
Not all these thoughts can guild my fears for you.

*Roxel.* Obliging Prince ; so great has been your sence,  
Both of my Wrongs, and of my Innocence ;  
That in return of such a generous part,  
I'll trust you with the secrets of my heart.  
This false, unkind, ungrateful *Solyman*,  
Does o're my heart that absolute Monarch reign,  
That to what-ever Crimes his Rage dares flye :  
My Love's Immortal, though my Pow'r can dye.  
So th'Indian Worships the Infernal pow'rs,  
And perishes by that which he adores.

*[Exit.]*

*Ulam.* How mortal would this sound of horror be  
To one that Loved, unless he Lov'd like me ?

Her

Her Vertue to her Beauty lends new fire,  
And both their charms I equally admire.

*Mirr.* I've us'd my pow'r ; but your vain hopes forbear.  
Should but the name of Love reach her chaste ear,  
Her pride & scorn would into Vengeance flye—— [Ex.

*Ulam.* I thank her for so just a Cruelty.  
And blush to think I durst her Vertue try.  
For could she yield to hear one sigh from me,  
Her Vows and Nuptial Faith would injur'd be.  
And true Love were a stranger to my breast,  
If I could wish her ill to make me blest.  
Be Constant still, and all my pride shall be,  
To Reconcile thy Faithless Lord and Thee.  
For since I must expect those wounds she gave,  
Will quickly bring me drooping to my Grave :  
My unstain'd soul will then Tryumphant flye,  
When thus for the Worlds Empress I shall dye.  
Others Love only as their Hope stands fair,  
But I Love on to propagate despair.

[Exit.

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT the FOURTH.

The SCENE, the Seraglio.

*Enter Isabella Guarded by Morat and other Attendants.*

*Morat.* **P**ardon an act of Violence from his Hand,  
Who only Executes his Kings Command.

*Enter Solyman.*

*Solym.* Fair Cruelty! how cou'd you flye from him,  
Whose only fault was Love, and that's a Crime,  
The Gods must pardon, for they practise it.  
Love ev'n in Paradise does Tryumphant sit.

*Isabel.* How can you thus the name of Love profane?  
Give no more breath to words of such a strain,

G

Then

Settle, E.

Then you would lend a Tongue to Blasphemy.

*Solym.* Can you make wounds so deep you start to see?  
And wilfully be deaf to all my pain:

To Sighs sent from the heart, in which you reign?

Some pity of your Captives tortures take,

That breathe but like Confessions from a Wrack,

The Gods are only to the Dam'd so strict,

To shut their Ears 'gainst Torments they inflict.

*Isabel.* Is this a Fathers Voyce? Is this a Friend  
To *Ibrahim*? Can Majesty descend

T'a Crime so low, the meanest Slaves have scorn'd?

Were we for this with splendid names adorn'd?

He call'd your Son, and I your Daughter made,

Only to be more cruelly betray'd!

*Solym.* 'Tis true, I gave him all I had pow'r to give,  
I bid him happy in your favour live:

And ignorantly past that blind Decree,

Till in your Loss I did my Ruin see.

Your pow'ful form prest nearer to my soul,

And thence my Peace and Sovereign freedom stole:

My fancy painted all the joyes of life in you;

And in your loss ten thousand horrors drew.

*Isabel.* Oh Cruel King! how can you wound my ear,

With those dire sounds I scarce have life to hear:

When the most sacred Vows you dare invade,

That Heav'n e're heard, or Lovers ever made!

*Solym.* How Merciless can you your pow'r disguise,

Can you that question ask, and wear those Eyes?

*Isabel.* If from their Influence your guilt arise:

Wou'd I had been born of some black *Aethiop*-race,

Wor'n a dark Veile of Nature o're my Face:

And for the want

Of outward force which *Ibrahim*'s heart should bind,

Had caught him only with a beauctious mind.

Thus free from dang'rous eyes, and fading charms,

My peace secur'd from a Wild King's Alarmes;

You had not then my Persecutor turn'd,

Nor the fair Injur'd *Roxelana* mourn'd.

We had lived safe from Tortures and despair,

Not wrong'd by th'Great, nor envy'd by the Fair.

*Solym.*



*Solym.* Are you so faithful then to *Ibrahim*;  
That you would rob the World in Love to him;  
To wish those eyes obscure? yet if they were,  
Had those eyes been, those twins of light, less fair;  
Then Crowns and Empires might my peace have bought,  
And a wide World had fill'd my bounded thought.

*Isabel.* Oh hold! this too unkind discourse give o're---  
My *Ibrahim's* dear, but my bright Honour more.  
Think how you do not only injure him,  
Conspire against your once Lov'd *Ibrahim*:  
But whilst I'm forc'd to hear the frightful name,  
Of Impious Love, you wound my tender Fame.

*Solym.* If of your Honour you so tender prove,  
Express it by your scorn of *Ibrahim's* Love.  
You only wrong your Fame in loving him,  
(Unworthy as he is)---- but end that Crime.

*Isabel.* Oh Heav'n! what do I hear?

*Solym.* He is a Thief!

A Traytor! for a mean and base relieve,  
Against my dang'rous Love, he stole you hence.

*Isabel.* If that's a Crime, 'Twas mine, not his offence.  
Your black designs had made me dread your sight,  
So much, I us'd not only Prayers t'invite,  
But my Commands to make him aid my flight.

*Solym.* Fair Torturer of my soul, since you could be  
So kind to him, and so severe to me;  
Expiate that sin, of which you are the cause:  
His head is forfeit by the Turkish Laws.  
Now if you love him, reconcile our strife:  
Your heart's the only Ransom of his Life.  
'Tis true, I'm led by passion to disclaim  
My Vertue, wrong my Friendship, stain my Fame:  
I see the Precipice, but cannot stay:  
Love runs me down, and drives my soul away.  
My Passion for that Beauty is so high,  
This I resolve, this I must do, or dye.

*Isabel.* In vain you threaten me with *Ibrahim's* Death.  
Think not my long inviolable Faith,  
Poorly at last will be o'recome by Fear.  
No Sir! there's no such weak Dominion here.

Tho you can aim Your fury at his Heart,  
 To persecute Me in the tenderest part:  
 Tho *Ibrahims* Life I prize above my own,  
 Think as much worth lodg'd in that Breast alone,  
 As Man-kind e're possess, or Heav'n e're gave;  
 Yet even his Life I wou'd not basely save.

*Solym.* Gods! must I find

A Heart so fixt, and Vertue so sublime:  
 Has my bold Love such craggy way to climbe?

*Isabel.* Hope not t'assault me there, rather than he  
 Should live to see me perjur'd, I would see  
 Him bleed; see him in purple horror dy'd;  
 See the dear Lord of all my hopes destroy'd:  
 Nor think this Doom in cruelty design'd;  
 No; His just Love wou'd rather call it kind.

*Solym.* Oh my distraction!

*Isabel.* But whilst I stay  
 To prove my Vertue, I my Vertue wrong,  
 And my chaste ear has guilty been too long.  
 Here Jailour, to my Prison take me hence,  
 Now you may act a welcome violence.

[to Mon.

*Solym.* Stay Madam!

*Isabel.* I can hear no more, in vain----

*Solym.* Oh Madam! stay one minute, and t'obtain  
 That favour, *Ibrahim* shall live, and live  
 To see me wretched, till he sees you give  
 My mortal wound; as but too soon you will:  
 For so much scorn can do no less than kill.  
 When those fair Eyes shall like a winter-Sun,  
 Give only light, not life; whose influence gone,  
 All things below, decay'd and wither'd turn,  
 And drooping Nature does his distance mourn.  
 When thus my blasted greatness shall decay,  
 And by your frowns my life shall droop away;  
 My pains, my griefs, my horrors shall be such,  
 As shall so near my generous Vizier touch,  
 Till my sad state his soften'd pitty move,  
 And pitty grant what is deny'd by Love.  
 Till his compassion does my life defend,  
 And quit a Mistress to preserve a Friend.

*Isabel.*

*Isabel.* Do not his Constancy so much mistake;  
Yet if for you he could my Love forsake:  
That heart which justly as his falsehoods due,  
I took from him, I could not give to you.  
Though you such Irreligious thoughts admit,  
Your Honour and your Nuptial Vows forget,  
I cannot——

*Solym.* Is Religion then my Foe?  
And does my Marry'd state my hopes o'rethrow?  
That shall not cloud the glories of your life.  
You shall be mine, a Christian, and a Wife.

*Isabel.* Defend me Heav'n! what's this?

*Solym.* You shall in state be to a Temple led;  
I'll take the Crown from *Roxolana's* Head.  
Thus, you shall meet my Love----

*Isabel.* 'Twas too much crime alone  
To oppose my Vows: wou'd you deface your own?  
Break your long Faith to *Roxolana* given,  
And by your rage thus doubly injure Heav'n?

*Solym.* I injure Heav'n; no, you mistake me now;  
I am pious, not profane in what I do.  
What greater homage can to heav'n be paid  
Then with Imperial Crowns t'adorn the Head  
Of the Divinest Creature it e're made.

*Isabel.* Oh! let me go! this place of horror flye;  
Send me t'a dungeon, to a Grave, to dye,  
Rather then stay to heighten your impiety.

*Solym.* Retire then, since my presence is a sin,  
But Cruel, Fair, when we shall meet agen,  
Assume a mercy that befits that brow.

*Isabel.* If I must find you as I leave you now,  
Meet me no more; nor time, nor force employ,  
Against that Faith no pow'r can e'r destroy.  
And for those Tales of Death you seem to fear,  
Attend my frowns, there's no such danger near.  
Despair in guilty Loves ne're soars so high;  
None but just Lovers, love enough to dye.

[Exit Guarded.]

*Solym.* Was ever scorn so high? or King, so low?

*Mor.* To Constancy you all this rudeness owe.

But

But if you e're expect to be belov'd,  
 The causes of this scorn must be remov'd.  
*Ibrahim* must dye; and though 'twill seem severe,  
 To take that life which once you held so dear:  
 Yet since his Life has th'hopes of yours debarr'd,  
 His Destiny can be your only Guard.  
 This is the way will take: Her Lover dead,  
 And the Crown taken from your Empress head:  
 Though some few tears may fall at *Ibrahim's* death,  
 Marriage and Crowns will tempt her Christian Faith.  
 This only course your desperate Love secures——

*Solym.* And this dark course I'll take.

*Mor.* Do: and She's yours.

*Solym.* For Love o'recomes, and I must kill or dye.  
 Let it be done e're I think how, or why.

Haste; Let the news of *Ibrahim's* Death be brought,

[Exit Morat.

And whilst he's dying I'll divert the thought:  
 With a forc'd Lethargy I'll damp my soul,  
 Friendship may else return, and my resolves controul.  
 O Love! what is thy power---*Morat* return,  
 He must not dye.

[*Morat* Re-enters.

I have by *Alla* sworne  
 That he shall never bleed whilst *Solyman* lives.

*Mor.* Is it the voyce of Majesty Reprieves  
 An Enemy, a destroyer of your peace?  
 Can humble penitence great Spirits seize?

*Solym.* No: I would have him still destroy'd, but if  
 I must be Perjur'd when I take his Life,  
 I must protect his Life, though against mine.  
 Though Love can yield to any lesser sin:  
 That Oath I must not; no, I cannot break.

*Mor.* Your Oath is strong, when your resolves are weak.

*Solym.* Had I by *Alla* sworne to quit my Crown,  
 So bound, I ought to lay my Scepter down;  
 And yield a Throne without a sigh——

*Mor.* But Sir——

Even Kings themselves sometimes may chance to erre;  
 And you would impute Cruelty to Heav'n,  
 If sins of Ignorance can't be forgiven.

Per-

Perhaps those eyes are less than what they seem,  
Send for the *Musi*, Sir, consult with him:  
He may repeal that Vow your rashness past;  
And find your promise does not bind so fast:  
Or shew at least some safe, though distant means,  
To gain your quiet, and remove your pains.

*Solym.* Send for him, though I fear 'tis all in vain;  
Do any thing to bring my peace again. [Ex. Morat.

*Enter at another Door, Ibrahim.*

After your mean suspicion, with what face,  
False *Ibrahim*, dare you approach this place.

*Ibrah.* Sir, I approach you as I ought to do,  
As one who's lost all hopes in loosing you,  
Approach you with those looks he ought to bring,  
Who hears this language from an alter'd King.  
My happiness in this Tempest sinks and drowns,  
I knew your smiles too well to bear your frowns.

*Solym.* How can I think you priz'd my smiles so high,  
When you could forfeit them so wilfully?

*Ibrah.* If the protection of my Love's a sin,  
Then condemn'd *Ibrahim* has guilty been.  
But when I Councell'd my fair Saint to flye,  
I was your Champion, not your Enemy.  
I knew her Faith so well, that when from hence,  
I stole her, 'twas in *Solyman's* defence.  
Since her firm Vows no force could e're destroy,  
I rob'd you of a Torment, not a Joy.

*Solym.* Was ever Arrogance so high, to dare  
Thus insolently brave me with Despair!  
What though, my Pow'r's so weak, and hope so vain  
That Hate and Scorn is all I must obtain.  
Though you can think so meanly of my State,  
It is unkind t' upbraid me with my Fate.

*Ibrah.* No, *Sultan*, call it by another Name,  
A subjects Zeal to Guard his Soveraignes Fame.  
More worthy and more Kingly Thoughts pursue:  
How little does this change appear in You.  
When *Solyman*, who lately took Delight  
In Thoughts that soar'd above an Eagles Flight,  
Now humbly stoops t' invade his Vassals right.

*Solym.*



*Solym.* Is it so humble to adore that Face?  
 A favor'd Lover and have thoughts so base?  
 Since of her Pow'r you have a Sence no higher,  
 And see so little there for Kings t' Admire.  
 I will convert your infidelity:  
 Take her more glorious Character from me:  
 By Nature she's ordeyn'd to be Obey'd:  
 All Beauteous things for Sovereignty were made:  
 Is not Love Kingly then, when thus my Breast it fills?

*Ibrahim.* So Thunder's heavenly, but that Thunder Kills.

*Solym.* Why should you think I'll take so rough a Course;  
 I'll vanquish by Entreaty not by Force.  
 My Warlike Visier has in Camps been Nurst:  
 In Laurels it was I that dress'd you first.  
 Desert not then that Aire, where you were Bred:  
 Fame, so long Courted, now be Kind, and VVed.  
 That glorious Race so well begun pursue.

*Ibrahim.* But Sir, cannot I Conquer, and Love too?

*Solym.* Can nothing but my ruin satisfie?  
 Are there not charms enow in Victory?  
 Take all my Forces, half my World be thine:  
 And in exchange, let that one Prize be mine.

*Ibrahim.* Oh, now you ask what I can ne're resign. }  
 Loves that can cease, are Feavourish desires,  
 A Thirst, which the Disease once cured, expires.  
 My heart unchangeably her Image weares;  
 Meteors may be extinguisht, but not Stars.

*Solym.* Of *Roxolana*, I was once as fond,  
 And loved as much; yet time has broke that Bond.  
 Is Love in Me more mortal than in You?  
 No, 'tis your Pride denys, because I stoop to sue.  
 Were you for this, Ungrateful Man, by me,  
 From Death, and from inglorious chains set free;  
 From below Pitty above Envy rais'd?  
 Was it not I your sullen Fate appeas'd;  
 From your rude Ore refin'd you into Gold,  
 And stamp't you in my own Imperial Mould?  
 And what my noble Nature ought to shun,  
 You force me to repeat what I have done?

*Ibrahim.* Those favours, Sir, your Vassal blushing took;  
Admir'd your Bounteous hand, and wonder-strook,  
With humble Veneration did adore  
Great Jove descending in a Royal showre.

*Solym.* And now that Veneration is her due.

*Ibrahim.* To worship her, I'll never steal from you;  
No, to acknowledge what your smiles have done,  
Send me to Nations, yet t'your Arms unknown,  
I'll fetch you glories from the rich *Peru*;  
Nature her Treasures shall unlock for you.  
But if of rougher spoiles you would be Lord,  
By Valiant more than shining Kings ador'd,  
The Savage Tartar in his frozen Zone,  
Scorcht by your light'ning, shall your greatness own.  
New Toiles, new Labours for my Arm decree:  
Try me like *Hercules*, and I shall be,  
If not as great, as little tir'd as He.

*Solym.* My stock of fame already is so large,  
That Victories would be a mean discharge.  
Her heart would th'only pleasing payment make.

*Ibrahim.* And can I yield my Princess to forsake?  
Since I want power to pay that vast demand,  
Arrest your Honours in a Bankrupts hand.  
Make me that wretched thing I was before:  
Resume your glories, and my Chains restore:  
And by my Death let all your Troubles cease;  
I've liv'd too long, when I disturb your Peace.

*Solym.* And that long life 'tis I can shorter make.

*Ibrahim.* Oh, take it Sir: I wear it for your sake:  
Though I can never yield to quit my Love;  
Yet I can dye, a Rival to remove.  
And when to Death I go, hear my last pray'r;  
May *Solymans* Life, Heav'n, take up all your care.

*Solym.* Can *Ibrahim* so patiently receive  
His Doom, and with such ease his Judge forgive?

*Ibrahim.* Forgive you? where's your sin? Alas your hand  
Takes but that Life you justly may demand.  
Should abject Creatures in their dying hour,  
Repine and Marmour at th'Almighty pow'r?

My ador'd King, even my last breath should rule;  
Not one ill thought should touch my parting soul. (do ;

*Solym.* Hold, generous Prince ! Know what great Love can  
And hear a Resolution Strange, but True.

I have no hopes that Beauty to o'recome,  
But by your Death to make my Passion room.

Yet in such Loyalty such pow'r I find,  
That goodness in your face, and lustre in your mind;  
That if one look, one kind word more you give,  
'Twill soften me till I shall let you live.

But to enable me to give the blow;  
*Ibrahim*, your last, but fatal Duty show  
With haste, and silence from my presence flye,  
That absent I may have power to bid you dye.

[*Ex. Ibrah.*

He's gone, and has my black command obey'd;  
Yet not such Loyalty can save his head :  
To what ill deeds is desperate passion led ?

*Enter Morat and Musti.*

*Morat.* The *Musti*, Sir, your pleasure does attend.

*Solym.* Priest, for thy Council, and thy Aid I send.  
A Ravisher has rob'd me of my Peace,  
And I want power to make my torment cease.

*Musti.* Who is that Ravisher, and what that Chain  
Which binds your Arm, and does your pow'r restrain ?  
Can ought rebate the Sword of *Solyman* ?

*Solym.* My Faith, my Vows, and my Religion can:  
By *Alla* bound, I've made this solemn tye,  
Whilst *Solyman* Lives, my Vizier shall not dye.  
And by his Death, I must my Peace retrieve.

*Musti.* Sir, he may dye when *Solyman* does *not* live.

*Solym.* Did I for this thy Wise advice request,  
For satisfaction in my Grave ? dull Priest,  
I'd live to be reveng'd.

*Musti.* Yes Sir, you shall-----think not my Councils bring  
Such tardy Vengeance to an Injur'd King.  
Death should flye quick as Light'ning from your frown.  
Sir, he may set before to morrow's Sun.

*Solym.* How ! may he dye to morrow ?

*Musti*

*Must.* Yes; to Night.

*Solym.* My Faith unstain'd?

*Must.* Unfully'd, as the Light—

You are not by this promise bound to give  
Him immortality. T'is whilst you live,  
Yo've sworne he shall not meet his destiny;  
But there are hours each day in which you dye.  
Sir! whilst you sleep you are not living.

*Solym.* How?

*Must.* To Sence and Reason man his Life does owe;  
And when Sleep dams them up, they cease to flow.  
The soul deserts the body when it dyes,  
What does it less in sleep? it useless lyes. }  
Death's its retreat, and sleep is its disguise.  
Sleep equals Kings, and Shepherds; Rich and Poor;  
Nor can the pow'r of Death it self do more.  
And where's their difference?

Both give one stroke, only one strikes more deep;  
Sleep's a short Death-----Death an Eternal sleep:  
If then whilst you are sleeping, he receives  
The blow, he does not dye whilst *Solym* lives.

*Solym.* And will our Prophet this Revenge maintain,  
And the Immortal Name take off all stain?

*Must.* So just a cause he does, and must defend.

*Solym.* Then dear Religion, thou'rt a Lovers Friend:  
Kind Priest, my judgment does with thine conspire:  
'Tis easie to believe what we desire.  
But if his Death's a sin, the Crime be yours:  
When our Guides stray, the Error is not ours.  
Send him the Mourning Robe: He dies to Night.

*Exit Morat.*

*Enter Asteria.*

*Ibrahim*, fare well; and may thy soul take flight  
To Paradise. There be as blest above,  
As thou wert here in *Isabella's* Love.

*Aster.* Oh Cruelty! who's he that in one breath  
Can talk of Paradise and *Ibrahim's* Death?

*Mor.* I do not like her prefence—*[Aside.]*

H 2

*Aster.*

Settle, r.

*After.* Royal Sir,  
 Forgive me, if my fears have made me err:  
 Perhaps I have not rightly understood;  
 For you were always just, and God-like good.  
 Is it your pleasure *Ibrahim* should dye?

*Solym.* My Injuries give him his Death, not I.

*After.* Can you speak Death agen? a Crime so great,  
 Twice in one day, one hour, one voyce repeat:  
 The sound of so much horror, and such rage,  
 Had singly been enough to brand an Age.  
 Oh say, that you deceiv'd me, and to try  
 My Courage, told me *Ibrahim* should dye.  
 I would my reason and my sence distrust;  
 Rather than think that you can be unjust.

*Solym.* False to thy blood, thus to oppose my will;  
 Whence comes that heat that does these tears distill,  
 Which fall when I a Criminals doom decree?

*After.* Your Passion is that Criminal, not he.  
 Oh *Sultan*! call your glories to your aide;  
 Summon those Vertues which the World obey'd:  
 Stains in your brightness will too monstrous shew.  
 You were not rais'd so high, to fall so low. (peach.

*Solym.* Heavens! Have I Crimes a Daughter dares im-  
 Obey that will, you are too bold to teach.

*After.* Save *Ibrahim*; and be as far obey'd  
 As the Sun sees, and Natures limits spread.  
 Repeal his Doom, speak but that one dear word,  
 And be by all obey'd; by all ador'd.

*Solym.* Can you that mercy for his Life implore;  
 Whom his Ingratitude bids you abhor?

*After.* O calm the rage of your Tempestuous will,  
 And be a good and gracious Father still.

*Solym.* Stand from my Arm, fond Girl; expect no more  
 To obtain his life than you can life restore.  
 But hence- --- know my displeasure and retire.

*After.* If you are Angry, raise your anger higher:  
 For if my dearest *Ibrahim* must not live,  
 Load me with all the sufferings you can give.  
 Let me your Frowns, your Hate, your Curses have,  
 All helps are kind that bring me near my Grave.

*Solym.*



*Solym.* Hence with thy Pitty from my Anger flye:  
This wandering fire shall out, for he shall dye.

*After.* Since I with Tears and Prayers in vain implore;  
Hear me but once, and I will speak no more.  
If He must dye, when the dire wound is given,  
And *Ibrahim* shuts out Life to take in Heav'n:  
When the enamour'd Saints with greedy Arms embrace  
The brightest Guest in all the shining space,  
To follow him, I'll leave lifes joys below,  
And dying to my Rival Stars I'll go.  
Your poor *Asteria* in his Fate must joyn;  
For know, that man that wounds his heart, breaks mine.  
Must *Ibrahim* dye then-----  
Oh that dire word comes heavy from my tongue;  
My breath grows short, and I have talk'd too long.  
Oh, *Sultan*, do not vanish from my sight:  
Where are you? stay! why have you made it Night?

[Swoonds away.]

*Solym.* Fond Girl, thou hast my pittie-----But-----  
Remove her! and her stragling sence recall.  
This object cannot stop my Rivals fall.

*Attendants carry her off.*

Before Love rais'd this Torrent in my Blood,  
Close to my heart, firm as a Rock, he stood:  
But by some mighty Deluge over-borne,  
Mountains unloose, and Rocks from Rocks are torne:  
Thro' their strong Veins, the stronger flood pours in,  
And the vast Fractures never close agen.

[Is going.]

*Enter Roxolana.*

*Roxol.* Stay *Sultan*, stay. If Perjury you think,  
Is a mean crime at which the Gods can wink;  
Be bold false King, and sin in open day,  
To the wide world your harden'd soul display.  
Th'unmanly dread of th'other world out-wear;  
And brave that Vengeance which you scorn to fear.  
To make you yet more Barbarously great,  
At once my Ruin and your Pride compleat:  
Since on the Christian you my Crown bestow:  
I come to give the head that wore it too.

*Solym.* Since the fair Christian then has been so kind,  
To tell you what my pleasure has design'd;  
Here

Her word's your Fate, I Love her not so ill;  
To make her Voyce less than an Oracle.

*Roxel.* Your falsehood is not whisper'd at that rate,  
That I need learn your Crimes from her I hate.  
But has your Rage so impiously decreed?  
Yet why this wonder——furious Lord, proceed.  
The prospect of my fall so open lyes,  
That I'm too well prepar'd for a surprize.

*Solym.* Do not so highly, and so ill resent  
The loss of that which was not given, but lent.  
And when I take that which I lent before,  
I but my glories to their source restore.

*Roxel.* Can you plead reason for your Guilts defence?  
And thus Usurp the name of Innocence?  
No, *Sultan*, speak like what you are, and call  
Your self a Tyrant, Monster, Savage, all  
The blackest names from injur'd Tongues can fall.  
Since you prove false, 'twould be more just t'express  
Your Perjury in the most hateful dress:  
Then I could bear my loss, and love you less.

*Solym.* How tiresome does unwelcome kindness prove?  
Is there a Blessing, or a Plague like Love?

*Roxel.* Oh Treacherous eyes! what has your weakness done?  
Can an Effeminate soft Tear run down  
From her fond Eyes that lives to loose a Crown!  
A deposed Queen and have so little gall!  
Did *Cleopatra* weep before her fall?  
No, at her Breast her dearest Vipers hung,  
Whose pointed Tongues her angry bosom stung:  
Swell'd with their Poyson, and her blood all fir'd,  
In nobler rage her Roman pride expir'd.  
Her great despair such glorious fury felt,  
As burst that heart which was too proud to melt.

*Solym.* Hence from my sight: Take your vain Threats away:  
Know my fixt Resolution, and obey.

*Roxel.* Threaten'd to silence, and commanded hence!  
Ye Gods, must I be taught Obedience?  
Whose Empire did so lately spread so wide,  
At once my Sexes Envy and their Pride?

Thou despicable King, how poor and low  
Are the mean gifts which from thy bounty flow!  
Glory a fairy Treasure, pow'r a Toy,  
An Airy Scene of Visionary Joy.  
Since empty greatness has this fading state,  
Why have I dreamt so long, or wak'd so late? (Stars,  
*Solym.* What though you've rul'd an Age: The Sun and  
Tho' they have shin'd so many thousand years,  
Can plead no right to an Immortal state.  
I made you, as Heav'n did the World Create.  
In your each part, pow'r and perfection raig'n'd;  
Each look Dominion had, each word Command.  
But as th'Eternal Will ordains a Day,  
When this bright Frame its Debt to Fate must pay;  
So when this Universe in Dust shall lye,  
The Gods will be no more unjust than I.

*Roxol.* In that great day, Heav'n its Revenge will take;  
The World must burn for wicked Man-kind's sake;  
And Nature dye for what her Race has done;  
The Gods will at that Day put out their Sun,  
Because't has shined too long on such as You.  
Then Perjury will meet it's last just due.

*Solym.* This growing storm no longer Ple endure:  
Her Violent Rage must have a Violent Cure.

*Roxol.* But since the faithful *Roxolana* must  
Be Sacrific'd to please a Tyrants Lust:  
May my quick Fall like some fierce Earth-quake come,  
When th'opening ground is some tall Pyramids Tomb.  
Whose Ravenous Jaws once gorg'd, and clos'd again,  
No reliques of the ruin'd pile remain,  
To keep its memory alive.

Since my loud fall must bring eternal shame,  
Oh that you could but kill my very Name;  
And give my memory and me one Grave.  
Then with what scorn should I my wrongs out-brave:  
But when to my Immortal shame, they'l say,  
I lost an Ages Triumph in a Day;  
There, there's my Torture  
In all the mortal froaks great Hearts sustain,  
Honour's the only part that bleeds with pain.

*Solym.* Take her away- ---I'll hear no more--- [to Morat.  
*Roxel.* Bold Slave. [to Morat.

*Solym.* Begon ! I will no longer hear her Rave.

*Roxel.* Villain ! forbear. [to Morat. *Draws a Dagger.*

How wretched base art thou ! by thy Command  
 Forc'd like thy Slave ! Seiz'd by thy Vassals hand !  
 I've so much Pride for that which I have been, (Queen.  
 No common hands shall touch the Worlds once Sacred  
 Stand off, officious Traytor : Come not nigh,  
 Approach me but with one bold look, and dye.

Enter *Ulama.*

*Ulam.* Hold Irreligious Slave. [to Morat.

Touch her no more than you wou'd forfeit Heav'n.  
 To what wilde rage is Impious passion driven ?  
 And Madam, stay your hand : give not that blow  
 For him too glorious, and for you too low.

*Roxel.* I thank you for the favour you have done ;

[*Gives Ulama the Dagger, which he takes on his Knees.*

You've Reason, but my Grievs have left me none.

*Ulam.* Sultan, I am unwilling to believe  
 'Tis in Fates pow'r to make such Beauty grieve.  
 But take her, take her, and be blind no more ;  
 To Her your heart ; t'your self your Wits restore :  
 Be Great, Proud, Glorious, Blest ; Live, Love, and Reign  
 In Happiness above the State of Man.  
 Consider but how much of Heav'n dwells there,  
 And call your self our Prophets Son and Heir.

*Solym.* How *Ulama* !

*Ulam.* I am your Vertues Friend ;  
 And with my Blood that Vertue wou'd defend :  
 Hither I come by Friendship's Sacred tie,  
 To rowze you from your mortal Lethargy.  
 Your sleeping Reason wake, and Re-enthroned  
 What Nature made most worthy of a Crown :  
 Repair her Injuries, and your lost Fame.  
 Such influence lodges in that Heav'nly Frame,  
 Her Smiles can deifie, and her Wrongs can damne. }

*Solym.* *Persian* ! the World had never yet so bold  
 A Man, as durst my pleasure have controul'd ?



Had I as many Subjects as I led,  
To win thy *Persian* Crown, that durst have said  
Half this, their Lives for th' Insolence had paid.

*Ulam.* If all should dye that do abhor your Sin,  
The Massacre would make your Empire thin:  
Tho only I dare tell you—  
How much the best of Wives, & best of Queens you wrong;  
All Man-kind has my Sence, though not my Tongue.  
When I your fury from that Saint divert,  
I but a suffering Kingdoms cause assert.  
Be just to her, that Heav'n may be appeas'd,  
And the afflicted groaning World be eas'd.

*Soly.* Ralh, desperate Sir, though you dare rage so high,  
My Charity's too great to let you dye;  
But Captive, do not tempt your Fate; that hour  
You make a forfeit of your head once more.  
Your petulant Frenzy with your Chains I'll tame,  
And shrink you to that shade from whence you came.

*Roxel.* Hold generous *Persian*, you presume too high,  
If in my Cause, first ask my leave to dye.  
Forbear t' encrease the violence of his Hate,  
Least you're involv'd in *Roxelana's* Fate.  
Tho 'twould become the greatness of a Queen,  
T' have Crowds in Death to fill her Funeral Scene.  
*Sultan*, no guileless soul with mine shall dye:  
I'll quit my state, and singly glorious dye.

*Ulam.* Do not oppose me in so just a Cause:  
When he breaks Nature, Heav'n and Honours Laws  
In wronging you, let his fierce rage proceed;  
Let Justice suffer, Truth's Defender bleed.  
Tame me with Chains!  
A Prison is too weak: Send me t' a Grave:  
And if that pow'r o're Souls, as Lives you have,  
Send me—

Where that loud Guilt, by which her greatness fell,  
Is writ in Sulphur on Records of Hell.  
And when the blackest of their Hellish trains,  
Shall tell the story of her Tragick Scene,  
Attended by a fierce and fiery throng,  
I'll bring the Furies, and all Hell along.



To tell thee thou hast done a deed to damn'd,  
That thou hast made th' infernal Fiends ashamed.

*Solym.* Bold man, thy blood---- but 'tis too base to shed.  
Thy baseness from my arm protects thy head;  
But to deserve thy ruin from my hand,  
I give thee leave my Rebels to command:  
Or once again thy rallied *Persians* lead.  
If thou hast Honour, meet me in their head.  
When all thy glories do thy brow adorn,  
And on the Wings of Fame I see thee born;  
Be worth my Anger then, till then, my Scorn.

*Ulam.* I'll meet thee, and thy power Undaunted stands;  
Though thy Victorious Arms the World command,  
Thy Sword's grown weak, plac'd in a guilty hand.

*Solym.* T' increase your Courage, think it weaker yet,  
And to chastise thy rudeness when we meet:  
When in an Army's Head thy Face I see,  
I'll tell thee then thou art fit to fall by Me. [Exit *Solym.*

*Roxal.* When Empress of the World, I stood on hallow'd  
With all my pomp and greatness circl'd round; (ground,  
Then what a train of Worshipers, what crowd  
Of Vassals at my Feet all prostrate bow'd.  
On humble Mortals I in state look'd down,  
Who gaz'd on glories sparkling from my Crown.  
Life waited on my Smiles, Death on my Frown.  
Fear'd and ador'd, on their bow'd Necks I trod;  
Whilst to my Throne I mounted like a God.  
But in my Bath, where's that Devotion gone?  
Of all those thousands, Fate has left but one.

*Ulam.* So great your Merit, and your Slaves so few;  
Those thousands lost, be God-like, and raise new:  
Permit me but to meet this Threatning King,  
And see what force to just a Cause can bring:  
To right your Honour, and rebuild your Throne;  
Vouchsafe to call my Sword, and Life your own.  
Rather than your low'd Wrongs shall go unpaid,  
I will exhaust an Empire in your aid.  
Here at his Gates I will his Gullt despise:  
I, and my *Persia*, nay, the Gods and I.

*Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa*

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*Roxol.* Hold Angry Prince; your Zeal in my just Cause;  
Whilst it was Innocent, had my applause.  
Forbear then to pull down my hate; tho' He  
Has lost his Vertue, broke his Faith to Me;  
I have not lost the Duty of a Wife:  
Tho' I abhor his Crimes, I prize his Life.  
Who holds a Sword against his Breast, wounds me;  
His Foe is *Roxolana's* Enemy. *[Exit Roxol.]*

*Ulam.* Fool that I was to ask her, her consent,  
Without her leave, her ruin I'll prevent.  
Her pious Vengeance points me out the way;  
'Twas but her Superstition bad me stay.  
To morrow I'll towards *Persia* go, and bring  
My utmost pow'r against this Perjur'd King.  
If time enough, I'll stop her Fall; if late,  
Revenge it; if I fail, I'll share her Fate!  
Lost though I am, and in despair; I'll try  
To wast an Empire in her Cause, and dye.

*[Exit Ulam.]*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

**ACT the FIFTH.**

**The SCENE, a Chamber.**

*Enter Ibrahim meeting Isabella and Morat.*

*Morat.*

**S**ir, from the *Sultan* I am hither sent;  
To Counsel you your ruin to prevent;  
If by consent you can for ever part,  
And make a present of a Mrs. Heart;

You have your Life; else, when he sleeps, you dye.  
You have an hour allow'd for your reply. *[Exit Morat.]*

*Isabel.* 'Tis a hard choyce, you must be false, or dye?  
To save your Life, what is't I would not give?

*Ibrah.* What would you have me quit your Love, & Live!

*Isabel.* No; though I value you so high, I above  
My *Ibrahims* Life, I prize my *Ibrahims* Love.  
If nothing but Inconstancy can give  
You Life, dye mine, since mine you cannot live.

But do not think when you are gone, I shall  
 Have pow'r long to out-live your Funeral.  
 There's a Contagion in a Lovers fall,  
 Weak are his Threats, and vain his subtlest Art;  
 His Tyranny may all but Lovers part.

*Ibrab.* Do I not dye to seal my Faith to you?  
 What juster act, what braver can I do?  
 Then do not murmur at my glorious Fall.  
 Is this his Cruelty? Is dying all?  
 What's Death! The meanest Slaves dye every day;  
 Even Infancy and Age that Debt to Nature pay.

A Feavourish fit can stop our fleeting breath;  
 Our Taste, Smell, Touch, each Sense, can let in Death;  
 And we who Beauties infinite pow'r adore,  
 For great Almighty Love can do no more.

*Isabel.* But can I say I love, and bid you dye?  
 No! for your safety this one Art I'll try;  
 I'll strait to *Solyman*, and Summon all  
 Those angry pow'rs that injur'd Love can call.

Not depos'd Kings shall rage so much as I.  
 With so much scorn his baseness I'll defie;  
 Till I've incens'd his rage to that degree,  
 That he shall spare your Life, and Murder me,  
 In me, he can but *Isabella's* Doom;  
 In you he takes a prop from Christendom.  
 Live *Ibrahim* then, Religion to defend;  
 His Favourit live, to be the Christians Friend.  
 Leave Death to me, and think my Life well given,  
 At once in saving you, and serving Heav'n.

*Ibrab.* These melting sounds all sense of Death destroy;  
 Who wou'd not choose my Fate, for half my Joy?  
 But do not hope to dye for me—  
 Think not your charms so little, nor my King  
 So Savage, though unkind; that any thing  
 Will make him dare to shed your precious blood;  
 No, my best life, he must not, if he cou'd.

*Isabel.* Must I so tamely then behold your Fall?  
 No, 'gainst your Murderer I'll muster all  
 My Rage, Despair, Revenge—what is't I will not do?  
 I'll treat him so—but why this passion now?

Since

Since 'tis decreed we must so soon divide,  
My parting looks shou'd all their fierceness hide.  
Furies, till then lay all your Scorpions by,  
Our last dear minutes shou'd more gently fly:  
Kind Heav'n, let but this span of Life be blest,  
Love reign this hour, and horror all the rest.

*Ibrahim.* Best of thy Sex!

[Embracing her.

But I in vain shall this short Tryumph boast,  
Gazing on what must be for ever lost.

*Isabel.* For ever? why! can death destroy our Love?  
Shall we not meet, and be as blest above?  
Cease Sir, oh cease this too unkind despair,  
Are there all Joys in Heav'n, and Love not there?

*Ibrahim.* Fill'd with that hope, I'll my short time improve,  
And sum an Ages blis in one hours Love.  
Low at your Feet, your humble Vassal bows;  
And here on this fair hand, seals his last Vows.

[Kneels.

[kisses her hand.

Turn, turn your eyes this way, look all Divine,  
In your full Lustre let your kindness shine.  
Oh Love! I am all Extasie, delight,  
Soaring in joys, I'm giddy with my height.

[kissing her hand often.

But hide those eyes; take this soft Magick hence:

[lets go her hand.

My happiness so much transports my sence,  
That such another look will make me grow  
Too fond of Life ever to let you go.

• *Isabel.* Great blessings like swift torrents always run  
Too rapid to stay long.

*Ibrahim.* What have I done?

Restore those pleasing looks, give me your hand agen,  
My Light, Day, Sun, shut not your glories in.  
Spight of his pow'r, in this soft knot I'll fold,

[She gives him her Hand agen.

And when I dye, let him cut off my hold.  
I'll twine so fast, that when he gives the blow,  
And cuts me by the Roots up from below;  
These dying branches still shall grasp you all,  
And grasp, and grasp, and wither e're they fall.

Exit



Enter Asteria, Mirva, and Morat.

Aster. So close, so kind! how happy should I be,

Were half this dear Devotion paid to me. [Aside entering.]

Morat. Madam, the *Sultans* orders were severe,  
But *Solymans* command admits you here, } to Asteria.  
And I dare take your word——

No doubt she's come,

By th'offer of her Love t' avert his Doom. [Aside]

Grant Her success; let *Ibrahim* live, and may

The *Sultans* hopes be Crown'd the gentler way. [Exit.]

Aster. Though life and happiness must ne're be mine,

Yet I'll take care that I'll secure 'em thine.

Accept that! [Mirva gives him a Sword.]

Mirva. Sent from *Roxolana's* hand.

This Princess Love conspires with her command.

They've both design'd your freedom to redeem.

Aster. Which to effect, we've found this Stratagem.

Though of your Fate, this is th'appointed Scene,

Yet in respect to that which you have been,

His Friend and Vizier, you're allow'd this Grace;

None but *Morat* has entrance to this place.

Mirva. The Mutes, th'intended Murderers, wait all

Without, at distance, and beyond his call;

And but approach that minute when you fall. }

Aster. When False *Morat* returns to take her hence;

Produce this Weapon as your last defence.

Disarm him, bind him; leave him in your room;

Change habits with him, and his form assume.

Lead hence your Princess, and by th'help of Night,

Pass undiscover'd, and secure your flight:

The Guards too, not suspecting an escape,

Will let you pass deluded by that shape.

Ibrahim. Alas! I was before a Bankrupt made,

And owed too much where I had so little paid:

But now your goodness swells the Debt so high,

That I with shame must Live——

Aster. Shame! Dear Sir, why?

You owe me nothing: By Religious eyes,

When Vertue in distress and danger lyes,



Its rescue and defence should be the care  
Of all Man kind; and that's my business here.

*Isabel.* Thou art so excellently good, thou best  
Of Rivals, so much Heav'n dwells in thy Breast.

In Duty to perfections so Divine,  
All my best thoughts, and half my prayers are thine.

*Enter Morat.*

*Mor.* I come to tell you that your hour is past! ha [ *Starts.*

*Ibrah.* Keep in thy tongue, or speaking speak thy last.

*Morat.* How came you by that Sword?

[ *Ibrah. gets between him and the Door.*

*Ibrah.* No matter how;

Jaylor, my Flight must be contriv'd by you.

*Morat.* Your Flight!

*Ibrah.* 'Tis a proposal may seem strange:

But Sir, we two our habits must exchange,

And you must yield to stay here gag'd and bound,

Till by your shape we move t'a safer ground.

If at this price you'll buy your Life, you may.

*Morat.* What do you think to frighten me to play  
The Traytor?

*Ibrah.* Know, 'tis Death to disobey—

*Morat.* Submit to save my Life for one hours time,

To dye the next by tortures for my Crime!

No; though your Arm is so renown'd, I'll try

My chance for Life—

*Ibrah.* Then take thy choyce and dye. [ *they fight.*

*After.* Hold Villain, hold! how dare you lift an arm  
Against his Life. [ *Interposing.*

*Ibrah.* Dear Madam! fear no harm.

*Mor.* How dare you Save what *Solyman* Condemnes?

[ *to After.*

*Ibrah.* Do not dispute her goodness, nor my Crimes,  
But yield and Live—

*Mor.* Yield! no, at thy false heart; [ *fightes agen.*

Hold! thou hast kill'd me, Traytor as thou art.

[ *Bears himself up, reeling upon his Sword.*

In all my hopes, all my Ambition crost!

By a fond foolish Girl betray'd and lost.

*After.* You are not wounded?

*Ibrah.*

*Ibrab.* No! your Genius was my guard.  
*Mor.* Thou Treacherous Fool, take that for thy reward.  
 [Kills After. and falls.

*Ibrab.* Down to thy Hell, and there in torments howl;  
 [Sticking him to the ground.

Oh speak dear Madam, ease my tortur'd soul;  
 The Gods their charge must better understand,  
 Then to ordain your Fate from such a hand.  
 Say you're not hurt?

*After.* No! let your trouble cease!  
 He has only sent a wretched thing to peace.

*Isabel.* She bleeds, she bleeds!

*Ibrab.* Oh! this detested hour!

*After.* Alas Sir! I was dying long before.  
 Deaths cold hand strook me when I first lost you;  
 A lingering Fate the slow Consumption drew.  
 Then do not Sir this happy stroke deplore;  
 That ends a tedious Journey in an hour.

*Isabel.* A Lovers absence, and a Fathers hate,  
 My three years pains were easie to this weight.  
 Horror ne're seiz'd me in this dismal shape.

*Ibrab.* Infernal Dog!

*After.* Think, think of your escape.

*Ibrab.* Is an escape a fit reward for him;  
 Who bears the weight of my accursed Crime?

*After.* My Death is not your Crime. Kind dear Sir, flye;  
 Oh do not stay! leave me alone to dye.

*Ibrab.* Desert you!

*After.* I conjure you do not stay.  
 I th path to Heav'n the Good can never strays  
 I need no help to guide me in my way.

*Ibrab.* How can I flye?

*After.* This unkind language cease;  
 Fly as you'd have my Soul in Heav'n find peace.

*Ibrab.* How can I promise you?

*After.* Oh Sir! you must.  
 Will you deny me Rest when I am Dust?  
 Is saving of your Life so hard?

*Ibrab.* Is leaving you  
 So easie: basely to desert you now:

*Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa,*

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And guard my forfeit blood when I have been  
A fatal instrument in shedding thine?

*Aster.* Nay, then I'm destin'd to dye wretched; all  
I beg'd of Heaven, was to divert your fall.  
My saving *Ibrahim's* Life was all my pride:  
And must that only blessing be deny'd?

*Ibrab.* Well Madam! I'll submit to any thing.

*Aster.* Now with an Angels voyce I hear you speak,  
And at that word my heart-strings gently break.  
My well-pleas'd Ghost will find eternal rest,  
To think that I have made my *Ibrahim* blest.  
And must I dye in my dear *Ibrahim's* Arms?  
Now you transport me with too mighty charms.  
In this dear Heav'n, like a blest Star I'm plac'd:  
But, oh, my Joy's too violent to last.

*Ibrab.* She's gone! Yes, generous Saint, I'll do thee right,  
But if I flye, my Death must be my flight.  
I'm too much loaded with my shame and grief,  
To leave this killing fight to save a life.

*Isabel.* Farewell unhappy Maid, sure there must be  
No common joys above reserv'd for thee;  
Thou had'st so little happiness below.  
Heav'n's debts are certain, though the payment's slow.

*Enter a Bassa, as sent from Solyma.*

*Bassa.* Morat stays long: What's here! Guards, Guards!

[*Exit Bassa retreating at the same door he entered.*]

*Ibrab.* Stay! stay!

I am your Prisoner, and your pow'r obey:  
Alas! there needs no Crowds to take me now.

*Re-enter the Bassa with Guards.*

*Bassa.* Seize him. [Guards seize him.]

*Ibrab.* It is the kindest office you can do.

*Bassa.* Remove the Bodys hence,  
And keep those Prisoners safe till my return;  
Till from the Sultan's will their Fates I learn.

[*Exit Ibrahim and Isabel, led in by Guards; part of  
the Guards carry off Morat and Asteria; and the Bassa  
returns at the same door he entered at.* Manet, Mirva.

*Mirv.* How dismally to Roxolana's ear  
Will this strange story sound. But see, she's here.

K

*Enter*

*Enter Roxolana.*

*Roxol.* Have I success? Is *Isabella* fled?  
Has that dire Planet hid its threatening head?  
I fear thy Answer will not be so kind:

An Ominous load hangs on my burden'd mind.

*Mirv.* Let me in silence my Allegiance pay.

*Roxol.* No, *Mirv.*: speak the worst thou hast to say.

*Mirv.* The fair *Asteria's* dead, kill'd by *Murat*:

But in revenge of her unhappy Fate;

By *Ibrahim's* just hand the Traytor fell.

The Lovers grief would be too sad to tell:

Let it suffice, they're kept in stricter chains;

And now no hope of liberty remains.

*Roxol.* Poor Innocence!

What Tears would thy unhappy Mother pay,  
Were she alive to have beheld this day.

But thou to share her Joys dost upwards go;

And leavest thy sorrows to thy Friends below.

Wretched *Asteria*! but more wretched I!

This will but raise the *Sultan's* rage more high.

Now *Ibrahim's* life for hers too sure must pay,

And then the Christian is his certain prey.

Then *Roxolana* lays her greatness down;

And this new Love is courted with my Crown.

But that's a sight I must not live to see.

*Enter an Attendant of Roxolana's with a bowl of poyson.*

*Zarma*, the Cup.

This, this my Guard shall be.

*Mirv.* Oh Madam, what do you design?

*Roxol.* To dye!

From scorn and shame, to peace and Heav'n I'll flye.

No perjur'd Kings, no ruin, no despair

Come near that place---pow'r is immortal there.

*Drinks the Poyson.*

*Enter Ulama.*

*Ulam.* I'll try what Vengeance joyn'd with Love can do;  
'Tis th'only glorious path that's left me now.

Since my successless Zeal in your defence,

And *Solyman's* rage has Banish'd me from hence:

[to *Rox.*



To morrow I tow'rd *Persia* must return,  
And make the Eastern World your sufferings mourn :  
Where, if I breath my sorrow in that strain,  
As makes an Empire eccho to my pain ;  
Oh pardon what my duty does create,  
A Tribute due to *Roxolana's* Fate.

*Roxol.* You are my Friend, and, Sir, to treat you so,  
Take my last secret with you when you go.  
All my long frightful danger disappears,  
I am secure from injuries and fears.  
No wicked hand shall snatch my Diadem now,  
My Guardian Angel hovers round my brow.

*Ulam.* Oh Madam, speak agen ;  
Say, has your Beauty his Conversion wrought :  
Is his new Love that Meteor-light put out ?  
And have your brighter looks restor'd the day :

*Roxol.* No, my protection comes a safer way.  
A draught of Poyson I have took : I scorn  
To have my glories from my Temples torne,  
And Roman-like do my own Fate command.

*Ulam.* Poyson'd ! and by that fair, but fatal hand !

*Roxol.* Yet though my death's so sure determin'd, I  
Have still one hour of Life before I dye.  
Which little blast of life I'll use so well,  
To my false King that parting story tell,  
Shall sting his Soul !

*Ulam.* What has your fury done ?  
Through those soft Veins must th'impious Poyson run ?

*Roxol.* Impious ! no, Sacred was the word you meant ;  
An act so pious might become a Saint.  
Honour and safety this brave work perform.  
I like a Pilot see the rising storm ;  
And wisely take my threaten'd glorys in.

*Ulam.* Must all Man kind be punisht for his sin ?  
The World's a sufferer in your Tragick Fate ;  
When you are dead, where's that Majestick state !  
Where's Natures Pride ? their Sovereign Leader slain ;  
Dull Beauties then like petty States will reign.  
Why to such rage was so much Beauty driven ?  
Was it the spight or over-sight of Heaven



Which that bright frame of Warring Elements built?  
Such goodness in your eyes, and in your hand such guilt.

*Roxol.* How! is't a torment to you, to behold  
My greatness unconfin'd and uncontroll'd;  
To be new form'd in an Ætherial mould?  
Art thou an Heir t'a Crown, and hast so mean  
A sence of Honour? weret thou born to reign?  
And can thy narrow Soul this Council give,  
That *Roxelana* should her pow'r out-live?

*Ulam.* Madam, no more.

*Roxol.* When for an act so great  
The crowding Gods their Royal Guest shall meet;  
And lay their brightest glorys at my feet.  
If thou shalt dare profane my memory,  
And basely say I did not bravely dye:  
From my bright Constellation I'll look down,  
And all my Stars shall blast thee when I frown.

*Ulam.* Oh cease your Anger, rather then I'll bring  
That Curse upon me, I'll say any thing.

*Roxol.* Have I no more applause! mistaken Prince,  
For once I'll stoop, thy Error to convince.  
Know it has been my Honour to command  
The Worlds great Lord! I have both lov'd and reign'd;  
And when I see my Vassals disobey,  
My long-kept train of Honours shrink away;  
Know, 'tis the noblest refuge of the great,  
To make their lives before their glories set.  
Since *Solyman's* short favours fade so soon,  
I'll mount where 'tis all Summer, always Noon.  
All Earthly glory does perfection want:  
Here 'tis but glass; in Heaven 'tis Adamant.

*Ulam.* Hold Madam! I'm a Convert, and must own  
Th'impovertish'd World so bravely you've undone,  
That it must mourn, and yet admire you too.  
You've done what greatness in despair shou'd do.  
You'll leave your Fame immortal when you go.  
A Saint above, and Heroine below.  
This glorious deed, not all th' Angellick Quire  
You'll meet, can praise enough, enough admire.

Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa.

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But tho your Death I can your Tryumph call,  
I can applaud but nor survive your fall,  
Hide not those Eyes! do not my Heav'n remove:  
Now I with Innocence may own I Love.

*Roxol.* Because my Death's so near,  
Dare you thus rudely *Roxolana* treat;  
No, guilty Prince, I'm not so little yet;  
I've still the Pride to scorn a Slave so bold,  
In my last spark of life I still my lightning hold.

*Ulam.* Oh do not think that I durst ever frame  
One thought or wish against your Sacred Name.  
Not one Rebellious thought durst ever rise;  
Your Vertue was as God-like as your Eyes.  
My secret pain I did with silence bear,  
And my Devotion paid without a pray'r:  
And do you think because your Death's so nigh,  
I fear you less? No, now you stand more high;  
Your greatness points like Mountains tow'rd the sky.

*Roxol.* If with such silence you your pains receiv'd,  
How dare you dye more guilty than you liv'd?  
How came you now to find a Tongue?

*Ulam.* Oh now  
My love runs pure when my last blood streams too.  
To own a passion for that Face and live,  
Was more than so much Vertue could forgive.  
All this I knew, and to have pow'r to speak,  
This only way could my long silence break.  
And now I speak, I do not ask your Love;  
Curst be th'Impiety that dares remove  
That sacred Bond your solemn Vows have seal'd,  
Or ask one look your Honour cannot yield.  
Yet as I'm dying, and shall beg no more,  
One blessing let my parting sighs implore.  
That little step let my Ambition climb.

*Roxol.* Well Sir, you have my pardon for your Crime.

*Ulam.* And is my Pardon all? a little higher  
Let your poor humble dying Slave aspire.

*Roxol.* Then Prince ~~Ulam~~ *Ulam* speak!

*Ulam.* Oh speak!

*Roxol.*

*Roxel.* You have my pity too.

*Ulam.* Dear divine Excellence, you've rais'd me now  
To all the joyes e're fill'd a Lovers breast;  
You cannot be more kind, nor I more blest!  
My life did but my happiness retard:  
Who would not dye when Death has this reward?

*Enter Solyman and the former Bassa.*

Her Tyrant here!

*Solym.* My Daughter kill'd in *Ibrahim's* defence;  
How strangely am I crost by Providence!  
Yet no ill Fate can drive my Princess Image hence.  
My Vizier still must dye, and Love will have it so.

*Ulam.* Turn Tyrant, turn; see what your guilt dares do.  
That Beauteous form has not an hour of Life,  
She has drank a draught of Poyson; a relief  
Against thy rage, Behold that setting light:  
And may her ruin blast thee with the sight.  
I loved her without hopes of a return,  
Yet I in tears of blood her Fate cou'd mourn.  
Thou envy'd Rival, did'st her Conquest boast,  
In that fair prize all Natures wealth engrost.  
Yet prodigally that curst stroke hast given,  
As looses thee thy Fame, thy Soul, thy Heav'n:  
I'll tell that story of thee in the skyes,  
Till at thy head all their just thunder flies.  
There Beauteous Martyr, when we meet above,  
I will pursue my never dying Love.

[*dyes.*

*Roxel.* Oh *Sultan*! what reward does falsehood bring;  
What judgments persecute a Perjur'd King?  
Your Empress dyes; your Friend and Daughter bleed,  
To pull down Vengeance on your guilty head.  
Of th'unjust torments I have undergone,  
Heav'n has a sence, though *Solyman* has none.

*Solym.* Why foolish Woman, have you vext the Gods,  
And set your Prophet and your King at odds?  
Why have you wilfully sought this rash Fate,  
To ruin yours, and to disturb my State:  
You might have liv'd, and liv'd uninjur'd still;  
Your greatness safe, and unconfin'd your will.

*Roxel.*

*Roxel.* Yes Sir, I might have liv'd, and liv'd t'have been  
An humble Vassal to your Christian Queen.

*Solym.* Why will your Frenzy still thus blindly erre?  
What if t'a Throne the Christian I prefer,  
Must I impoverish you to enrich her?  
You make us Monarchs very abject things,  
If greatness is but once the gift of Kings.  
I should not lessen you; but give her pow'r,  
As your Companion, not your Successor.

*Roxel.* Do not these wild and vain excuses feign,  
Seek not such Coverts when your guilt's too plain.  
But could you make two Suns together shine,  
And her new Greatness, not diminish mine;  
Hers were the true, Mine but a Pageant Crown:  
I've lost my *Sultans* heart, my dearest Throne.  
Could we in Crowns, in that we cannot share,  
There's no dividing of an Empire there.

*Solym.* What-ever Charms I in her Eyes descry,  
I love you still too well to see you dye.

*Roxel.* You loved me not enough t'avert my Fate,  
Your Kindness and my Life have but one Date:  
When I lost you, I rather chose to cease  
To be at all, than ever to be less.  
I Lived so glorious, and I Lov'd so well,  
That all beneath my Paradice was Hell.

*Sultan.* No more! If I am guilty, you have been  
My Punisher, rash and unhappy Queen!  
But as some kind requital of your strange  
And passionate resentment of my change,  
I have this sence of *Roxelana's* Fate,  
I will in tears deplore her wretched state.

*Roxel.* 'Twill to my Sufferings be some relief,  
If *Roxelana's* Fall can cause your grief.  
So much, dear Sir, does this kind promise ease  
My torments, and my drooping Spirits raise;  
That of your Cruelty I'll not complain,  
But tune my dying voyce to that soft strain,  
That not one groan shall pass; my parting breath  
Shall stifle all the horrors of my Death;



And treat you with the pleaſures of my life.

*Solym.* Oh how ſhe ſets my Crimes before my ſight,  
And holds the mirrour at too fierce a light.

*Roxol.* When I was made the Mighty *Sultan's* Bride,  
Led to the Temple in my Royal pride,  
My Coronation did ſo ſplendid ſhine,  
I charm'd a Nations Eyes, and you charm'd mine.  
I bow'd under the Glorys which you gave;  
You crown'd my Head, but made my Heart your Slave.  
Then, then my infinite happineſs began,  
Monarch was the leſt part of *Solyman* :  
Pow'r held the Reins, 'tis true, whiſt the great Chariot ran;  
But Love, the Soul of Empire ſat above;  
Reigning was but an Interval to Love.

Then from your Voyce I could this Muſick hear:  
My *Roxolana*! Oh my charming Fair  
Angellick Sweetneſs, Miracle of Light;  
Pride of both Worlds, Mine, and the Gods delight!  
And whiſt your Love theſe tender ſounds expreſs,  
You claſpt me thus, and leaning on my Breſt  
Your languishing ſoft looks ſpoke out the reſt.

*Solym.* If ſhe proceeds at this bewitching rate,  
By Heav'n ſhe'll make me grow Effeminate.  
Such Eloquence have Lovers when they dye;  
And thus we value Treasures when they flye.

*Roxol.* Nor had I paſſion leſs than *Solyman*,  
Through every Vein the pleaſing Feavour ran;  
I ſhar'd your thoughts, your pains, your extaſies;  
Love melted in my heart, and doz'd in my eyes,  
My Raptures were ſo great, my Joys ſo high,  
That I've liv'd happy, though I wretched dye.  
My hopes, my tears, my prayers were all for you;  
You will ſcarce find a ſecond Love ſo true.

*Solym.* What ſuddain alteration do I find?  
Vertue returns that Stranger to my mind.  
Once more its long loſt right, has repoſſeſt:  
Keep, keep thy ſeat, thou dear Celeſtial gueſt.

*Roxol.* Your Chriſtian Favourite ſees not with my Eyes:  
She hates you, and your kind embraces flies.  
But if at laſt Time, Force, or Empires charms  
Prevail to lodge her in my *Sultans* Armes:



If 'tis her Destiny to live to see  
You false to Her, as you have been to Me,  
Her grief will never my despair pursue;  
She will not dye to loose you as I do.

*Solym.* Kind *Roxolana*, thou hast made me good,  
Thou hast wrought a Cure in my distemper'd blood:  
Shall this great *Persian* Rival bleed? Shall He  
Who only saw, but ne're possesst like Me,  
Plung'd in his blood, a floating Victim swim?  
Shall not your Loss move me, that Murders him?  
And shall not Heav'n my wandering sence recall,  
Warn'd by a Daughters, and an Empress fall?

*Roxol.* And do I live once more to call you mine?  
What Divine change is this?

*Solym.* Yes; 'tis Divine:  
My long benighted Soul is with new light array'd.  
A change more Heav'nly the great Gods ne're made;  
Since the contending Elements they appeas'd,  
And a fair World from a wild Chaos rais'd.  
But cruel *Roxolana*, could you bring  
No gentler Reasons to confute an impious King?  
What though you saw my Crimes, and knew me false?  
All Frenzy has some lucid Intervals.  
You might have liv'd till my enlighten'd sence,  
Had made me just, without this violence.  
Wou'd you had try'd.

*Roxol.* All gentler means, you know, I try'd before,  
But Tears and Prayers had both too little pow'r.

*Solym.* Yes, they'd too little; oh my torturing pain,  
Now I remember how you wept in vain;  
Begg'd, Threaten'd, Courted, with such eloquence,  
As ought t'have vanquish'd my too Brutal sence.  
Such tender words you spoke, as might inspire  
More softness than the famous *Thracian* Lyre:  
Whose harmony the Lyons rage subdu'd,  
Tamed the wild Herds, and charm'd th'Infernal God.  
But my more Hellish rage obdurate prov'd,  
By Tears unmelted, and by Pray'rs unmov'd.

*Roxol.* Be not disturb'd; what though I wonted pow'r  
To make you just, till in this latest hour,

I'm pleas'd in Death to have your Conquest wrought.

*Solym.* It is a Victory too dearly bought.

Bid that Inchantress and her Favourite,  
Strait leave my Court, my Empire from my sight

For ever be remov'd: Bid 'em make haste,

They cannot flye too far, nor move too fast:

So distant may she be, that not the sound

Of *Isabella* my just ears may wound.

[*Exit Bassa.*]

I'd not converse so much as with her Fame,

Nor live within the hearing of her Name.

*Roxel.* Oh I'm all fire.

The raging Poyson does my heart-strings seize,

And on a burning Throne the Tyrant plays.

Within, within I bear my Funeral flame;

Yet since my Fall does *Solyman* reclaim;

Since dying, I my *Sultans* heart regain,

This dear Conversion takes off all my pain:

Wing'd with that Bliss, my Soul Triumphant flies:

Prepare ye Gods, for *Roxelana* Dyes.

[*Dyes.*]

*Solym.* Prepare ye Gods! To grace your Stars, she's gone.

A brighter Saint ne're fill'd a Heav'nly Throne.

*Enter Ibrahim and Isabella.*

(*given*

*Ibrab.* Great Sir, though you've restor'd my Princess,

Me all the wealth I cou'd have beg'd of Heav'n.

The dismal story of your sufferings

So damps my frighted soul, such horror brings,

That from great *Solyman* I cannot part,

Till at his feet I lay a bleeding heart.

*Solym.* Draw nearer *Ibrahim*, and blast thine eyes.

*Ibrab.* Here cruel Fate, the mighty Victim lyes.

My happy Love can little Tryumph boast,

Gaining so much when you so much have lost.

*Solym.* For this kind loyal pitty thou hast shown,

In all my Kingdoms choose thy self a Throne.

*Ibrab.* Sir! for that proffer'd Throne thus low I bow,

But must refuse the Royal gift; For now

A Christian Coronet best fits my brow.

There I'll be happy, if I can be so,

Leaving my King a Mourner when I go.

*Isabel*

*Isabel.* Is this great *Roxolana*! was so fair  
A Pallace built to entertain despair;  
Is there that Man that could that God-like Creature wrong;  
Withdraw that heart such charms had seal'd so long?  
Had you a thousand Crimes, and every sin  
More horrid than your broken Vows have been;  
By what you've lost in this unhappy stroke,  
Heav'n at one blow a full revenge has took.

*Solym.* Speak not a word, nor cast one look this way,  
I wou'd not have thee lead one thought astray.  
Thou fatal Cause——but ev'n to speak's a sin,  
Thine *Roxolana*, now I'll be all Thine.

*Ibrab.* Success at last our mutual wishes win,  
But by such Scenes of horror usher'd in.  
The way to Love's like that to Paradise,  
The roughest path leads to the greatest bliss.

[*Exeunt Ibrahim and Isabella.*]

*Solym.* Since Loves soft pleasures in thy Fall must end,  
In Wars my last remains of life I'll spend:  
Vertue, thy gift, I'll to the World proclaim,  
And dedicate my Trophies to thy Name.

[*Exit omnes.*]

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FINIS.

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# EPILOGUE.

**H**ow many has our Rhimer kill'd to day?  
 What need of Siege and Conquest in a Play,  
 When Love can do the work as well as they?  
 Yet 'tis such Love as you've scarce met before:  
 Such Love I'm sure as English ground ne're bore.  
 Had half the injur'd Ladys of this Age,  
 His Roxolana's kindness, and her Rage,  
 What heaps on heaps of Female-sufferers here,  
 Would your good Men make Martyrs in one year?  
 But thanks to Heav'n you've not her fond Disease:  
 Ene let 'em range and wander where they please;  
 You're not such Fools to think of Poysoning yet;  
 You want her Love, but you have twice her Wit.  
 Dying's a Mode your wiser thoughts condemn:  
 You've a more pleasing way to punish 'em.  
 And should our Brood of Gallants take this rule,  
 And turn such Lovers as his Persian Fool,  
 Kind Husband then might peaceably discover  
 An Affignation made 'twixt Spouse and Lover.  
 Leave you at Cribbage, let you see a Play,  
 Or take the Ayre in a fair Summers day;  
 Let you stay out in Masquerade whole Nights,  
 With twenty other Innocent delights,  
 And no harm done.----- And yet how wilde soe're  
 The humours of this brisk mad Age appear,  
 'Tis ten to one but th' Author still will say,  
 Your Vertues were the patterns of his Play;  
 And swear you down,  
 His Love and Honour both were stol'n from you;  
 And from your Features he his Herodes drew.  
 There's ne're a Comick Writer but will say,  
 You're all of you the Patterns of his Play:  
 Yet takes your Pictures at so damn'd a light;  
 Paints you so Ugly, that your Looks would fright.  
 And yet their Plays are your most dear delight.  
 Why in your hearts may not th' Heroicks share?  
 Those make you worse, these better than you are.  
 And Flatt'ers sure should not successles prove,  
 When those that do abuse you have your Love.

Settle, D.





32691  
Settle, D.

11-12-42

The blank leaf at  
end does not belong to  
this play - see offset  
on verso of the title of  
Fennell Prelate or Pope  
Joan, 1680. It is  
the initial blank leaf  
of the Pope Joan, which  
was printed for Cademan  
3 years after Shadrach.  
J.S.M.